The Outlook

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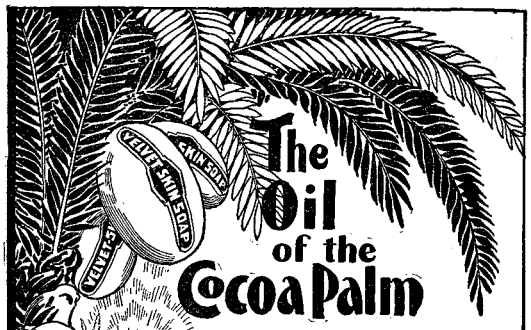

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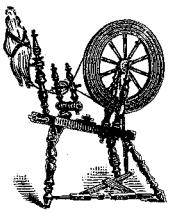

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The Outlook

Published Every Saturday

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THE city conventions of Greater New York were held last week by the Republicans, the regular Democrats, the gold Democrats, and by two Democratic organizations which demanded reaffirmation of the Chicago platform. In the Republican Convention there was some excitement but no enthusiasm. The supporters of Messrs. Platt, Lauterbach, and a straight ticket controlled the Convention by a majority of six to one, but the forty-nine Low delegates elected at the Brooklyn Republican primaries placed their candidate in nomination, and were formidable by reason of the Convention's consciousness that they represented a vast number of Republicans who had not attended the party primaries. Mr. Worth, who made the nominating speech for Mr. Low, dexterously began by referring to the time, sixteen years ago, when General Tracy was the nominee of the Republican party in Brooklyn, and withdrew in favor of Mr. Low. When the formal vote was taken showing General Tracy's majority, the Low delegate from Brooklyn who, conforming to political custom, moved to make the nomination of General Tracy unanimous, either blunderingly or cleverly began his motion with the conditional clause, "If Tracy sticks." Upon protest from the regulars he was persuaded to withdraw this qualification. General Tracy himself, in accepting the nomination, reserved the right to withdraw if at any time, in his judgment and that of the Republican managers, his withdrawal would secure the union of the anti-Tammany voters. His speech was well received, but the provisional character of his nomination did not tend to increase the ardor of the Convention. For Comptroller, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew presented the name of Mr. Ashbel P. Fitch, the Gold Democrat now holding that position, and he was chosen without opposition. The platform adopted indorsed the administrations of President McKinley and Governor Black, but ignored that of Mayor Strong; gave a qualified indorsement to the Raines Law, urging certain home-rule amendments; indorsed the provisions of the Charter of Greater New York against the granting of perpetual franchises; and, above everything else, appealed to all citizens to support the Republican instead of the Tammany ticket in order to put down the "schemes that are grouped in the public mind under the name of Bryanism."

❀

When these resolutions were read by Mr. Edward Lauterbach, one element of incongruity was at once apparent. Mr. Lauterbach, the counsel for the great Third Avenue Street Railway Company, is notoriously making a hard fight in the Board of Aldermen to obtain a perpetual franchise on the Kingsbridge road before the new charter goes into effect. The resolution condemning such franchises was evidently to be taken in a Pickwickian sense. Another element of incongruity was brought into high relief when the Tammany Convention was held two days later. That body, in violation of all precedent, ignored the National platform of its party, and thus made a vote for its nominees a vote against maintaining the Chicago platform as the creed of Democracy. To the friends of the Chicago platform, opposition to it from within the Democratic party is, of course, vastly more serious than opposition to it from without, and a victory for Tammany seems the worst possible blow to their cherished doctrines. In this way the issue of Bryanism, which the Republican Convention declared to be the supreme issue in its fight against Tammany, is practically eliminated from the campaign. To conciliate the labor element the Tammany platform contained planks in favor of dollar gas and of the provisions of the new city charter against perpetual franchises. The planks against trusts and against government by injunction were of a very vague character. The main issues were declared to be opposi-

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tion to the Raines Law and to the increase of taxes under the reform administration. Of these the emphasis was on the Raines Law—"home rule" and "personal liberty" being the Tammany watchwords for the approaching campaign.

❀

For Mayor, Tammany Hall nominated Judge Van Wyck. The speech in which he was placed before the Convention praised him as a man who "was born in this city of descendants who came here in 1650." "One of these descendants," the orator went on, "married a Brooklyn lady named Polhemus, thus typifying the union of the two cities." Whatever the exploits of Judge Van Wyck's remote "descendants," he himself is best known because of his arrest for drunkenness at the French Ball seven years ago. He is a man in middle life, and was a successful lawyer until his elevation to the bench. He is said to have given up the use of liquor since the episode in 1890. In the election last year he voted with his party. The candidate named for Comptroller by the Tammany Convention is Mr. Bird S. Coler, said to be a free-silver banker, and the candidate for President of the Council is Colonel Jacob Ruppert, Jr., a gold man and a son of the rich brewer. When Tammany nominated these candidates upon this platform, it probably counted with confidence upon the support of the German-American Reform Union, which supported Mayor Strong three years ago, but the next year practically went over to Tammany because of Mayor Strong's enforcement of the excise laws. No sooner, however, were the Tammany nominations made than the executive committee of this organization, disappointed at the rejection of its own candidate, voted 97 to 8 that "the election of either the Democratic or Republican candidate for Mayor would result in the worst misuse of the powers of that high office for the purposes of party machines."

❀

This unexpected defection was followed by the expected defection of the radical supporters of the Chicago platform. Indeed, one division of this element of the Democratic party had already, in anticipation of Tammany's action, nominated Mr. Henry George, upon a radical platform. When Tammany's rejection of the Chicago platform became a matter of history instead of prophecy, the Democratic Alliance, composed of the great body of independent Bryan and silver clubs of the Presidential campaign, held a Convention, and, amid scenes of great enthusiasm, indorsed the nomination of Mr. George. They adopted a platform reaffirming the Chicago resolutions and demanding the municipal operation of franchises, the reduction of street-car fares to three cents and gas rates to $1 per thousand, the abolition of the contract system on city work, the enforcement of the law for the eight-hour day, the representation of labor by laboring men, manual training in the schools, free meeting-places for citizens in public buildings, the restriction of the arbitrary power of courts to punish for contempt, and the removal of the property qualification for jurors. It was authoritatively announced that Mr. George would accept this nomination, and an energetic campaign is anticipated. Those who organized it do not expect to elect Mr. George, but they do expect to defeat Tammany Hall. In the National or Gold Democratic Convention, held the night after the Tammany Convention, the Brooklyn members were unanimous for Mr. Low, though the New York members were almost equally unanimous for a combination with Tammany. No nominations were made, and a split in this party is inevitable. The outcome of all this is extremely favorable to Mr. Low. He has now behind him the Citizens' Union, the German-American Reform Union, nearly half of the National Democracy, and all of the Purroy Democracy. If two-thirds of the Republicans support him, he can be elected. The fact that even two-thirds of the Republican vote would not elect General Tracy makes the practical choice lie between Mr. Low and Tammany.

❀

The Convention of Mayors and Councilmen which met last week at Columbus, O., was a notable assembly. Several scores of cities were represented by mayors or other officials; all sections of the country and cities of every grade participated in the conference. Practical questions of municipal administration received much attention. A careful report by an expert on asphalt pavements was discussed at length, and the experience of the cities with different brands of asphaltum and different kinds of contracts was highly instructive. A paper by Mr. Nathan Straus of New York, on the importance of pure

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milk made a deep impression. Dr. Hartwell, of Boston, showed by the aid of lantern slides what European cities are doing in the provision of public baths and wash-houses. Methods of street lighting were considered, and papers on the disposition of garbage were submitted. Colonel Waring, of New York, was present, and captivated the Convention by his recital of the romance of the White Wings. This story of the honest and efficient administration of a city department must have been worth a great deal to the men who heard it. Mayor Quincy, of Boston, read a well-written paper, and supplemented it by an entertaining talk about the Boston municipality, showing the extent of its provision for the general welfare in libraries, baths, parks, and playgrounds. Mayor Jones, of Toledo, stirred the Convention by an address in which he pleaded for the infusion of an altruistic spirit into municipal affairs, urging that governing, at its best, is loving; and that the city must not permit humanity to be sacrificed in its devotion to "business principles." It was a singular speech to be given by a city official to an audience of city officials; but the spirit of it was of the highest, and it evoked a heartier response than could have been expected.

❀

The most notable feature of the Convention was the strength of the sentiment in favor of the municipal ownership of public franchises. Two of the most interesting addresses were by Mayors of two Iowa cities—Des Moines and Marshalltown. The latter recited the experience of his city for the last ten years with a municipal electric lighting plant; showing that the expense of arc lights, for the whole period, had been less than thirty dollars each a year, counting repairs, additions to the plant, and interest at five per cent. on the entire investment. This is about one-third of the average cost under the contract system. The paper of Mayor McVicar, of Des Moines, was a most elaborate account of the struggle of Des Moines to establish a municipal lighting plant, in which it appeared that, after the city had taken steps in that direction, a private company had offered, under sufficient bonds, to put in a new plant of the highest grade, and to furnish the city for five or fifteen years with the same light at sixty-four dollars for which it had been paying one hundred and twenty-six dollars. The city has accepted this offer, for substance, but has been enjoined by the existing companies from entering into the contract, and the case is still pending. The case as presented by Mayor McVicar left little doubt in the minds of those who heard him that municipalities should own their franchises. Statements looking in this direction were warmly applauded by the audience. One of the local papers published interviews with several of the Mayors, most of whom expressed their belief that municipal ownership was expedient. In the permanent organization of the "American League of Municipalities," which was effected on the last day, the Convention showed its temper by electing Mayor McVicar, of Des Moines, as President, and a Secretary who was also supposed to represent the same sentiment. Mr. Allen Ripley Foote, of Washington, was present with a paper which was supposed to be hostile to municipal ownership of franchises, but he went no further than to urge that more investigation was necessary, and that the cities should co-operate with the National Labor Bureau in such an investigation. There is hope that the League of American Municipalities may live to render valuable service.

❀

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, returned from his recent visit East full of determination that the streets of his city should be clean. To accomplish this purpose he is giving attention to the equal taxation of corporate property in order to supply the necessary funds. The reform, he points out, cannot be accomplished without money, for Chicago, with a population about the same as the present city of New York, has several times as large a street area. For the needed funds he has certainly turned to the right source, though a long battle is to be fought in the Legislature and in the courts before the property of corporations is assessed and taxed at the same rate as the property of uninfluential private citizens. But this political reform, certain to bear fruit in the future, he is supplementing by an administrative reform certain to bear fruit immediately. He has appointed as Inspector of Street-Cleaning the person who stood highest on the list of eligibles returned by the Civil Service examiners, and that person is a woman. Mrs. A. E. Paul, the appointee, has for three years, in connection with the Civic Federation, made a study of the street-cleaning problem, and has persistently forced the contractors in her portion of the city to do their stipulated work. This last summer, in

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connection with the Vacation School supported by Chicago University, Mrs. Paul organized among the scholars an effective "Clean City League." From all accounts, she is a woman of marked executive ability, and her enthusiasm in the cause of clean streets makes the appointment peculiarly fitting. It is worthy of note that up to the advent of Colonel Waring the most successful reformer of conditions on New York streets was, like Mrs. Paul, a woman. The work of Mrs. Kinnicutt in New York and that of Mrs. Paul in Chicago gives new emphasis to the axiom that good municipal economy is good housekeeping.

❀

Last week three political Conventions were held in Massachusetts—two of an ordinary and one of an extraordinary character. The Republican and Gold Democratic Conventions were harmonious bodies. The Republican Convention renominated the present State officers, cordially indorsing Governor Wolcott's excellent administration. The only marked feature of the platform was the commendation of President McKinley for his "honest search for honest bimetallism." The Gold Democratic Convention nominated for Governor Dr. William Everett, whose speeches in Congress commanded such wide attention that an interesting campaign is anticipated. The platform, of course, indorsed the Indianapolis programme of retiring the legal-tender notes issued by the Government, and substituting non-legal-tender notes issued by the banks—the proposed bank notes to be redeemable in gold alone. The Convention whose proceedings were not largely matters of course was that of the regular Democrats. To begin with, a resolution was adopted with enthusiasm declaring that the Massachusetts Democracy not only supported the Chicago platform, but would have "no political fellowship with those who do not support it." This bold invitation to all anti-silver, anti-income-tax Democrats to withdraw from the party was followed by a still bolder repudiation of those members of the State Committee who submitted to the Chicago platform as a matter of party regularity, but were at heart opposed to its reaffirmation. Among these was Congressman Fitzgerald, who threw the Convention into confusion by a long speech expressing party loyalty but explaining why many Democrats hesitated about indorsing the present National platform. When the vote was taken, only 166 members —nearly all from Boston—favored the retention of Mr. Fitzgerald and his conservative associates on the State Committee, while 468 voted to substitute the names of new men enthusiastic for the Chicago platform. The decision was a personal triumph for ex-Congressman George Fred Williams, and a severe defeat for the Boston machine. Mr. Williams was again nominated for Governor. The platform adopted demanded the free coinage of silver and the issue of paper money exclusively by the Government; condemned "the arrest of men for acts not forbidden by law, and their trial and conviction without trial by jury or right of appeal to higher tribunals;" denounced the Dingley Bill, pointing especially to its enrichment of the Sugar Trust; demanded legislation to enable municipalities to acquire the ownership of local monopolies; favored the taxation of personal property by the State at a uniform rate; indorsed a living wage for public employees and the abolition of the contract system; and, finally, congratulated the Democratic party on having "freed itself from the leadership of those whose sympathies and interests are with corporate abuses."

❀

The anti-gambling constitutional amendment submitted to the voters of New Jersey at a special election last week was adopted by the narrow majority of 612 votes. Even this majority, however, is most grateful after the discouraging reports received the morning after the election. Then only the cities had been heard from, and these averaged two to one against the amendment. As the farming population in New Jersey is relatively small, it was thought that the amendment had surely been defeated by a large majority upon a light vote. But, as happened in the lottery election in Louisiana, the heavy pro-gambling majorities in the cities were finally overcome by heavier anti-gambling majorities in the rural districts. In the cities, however, the size of the majorities against the amendment was no fair index of public sentiment on the question of gambling. Barely one-third of the usual vote was polled, and, as always happens when the public is not thoroughly aroused, the special interests were better looked after than the general interests. In the counties where the race-tracks are located the ward politicians of both parties were working hard against the amendment. The funds they had at com-

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mand were said to come in part from the racing associations and in part from corporations carrying people to the races. In order to prevent another such failure as has occurred in New York—where the courts have held that the drastic anti-gambling amendment to the Constitution does not prohibit book-making on race-tracks—the New Jersey amendment was so worded as to prohibit everything that in any way partook of the nature of gambling. This enabled the opponents of the amendment to distribute circulars declaring that not only book-making, but "innocent games of chance, card-playing, and all forms of amusement were prohibited." The amendment was declared to be a revival of blue laws, and the Continental prejudices of the immigrant voters were appealed to. That the amendment did not fail in spite of these forces was due entirely to the earnestness of the great body of the ministry, who brought the attention of their congregations to the real character of the amendment, and effectively appealed to them to make the laws of morality the laws of the State.

❀

The official investigation of the shooting of the rioters at Hazleton, Pa., has come to a lame and impotent conclusion. The coroner's jury have disagreed in their verdict, as the newspapers and the general public had disagreed before. Part of them believed that the action of the deputies in shooting was necessary, part of them that it was unnecessary. The only comment possible on such a verdict is that shooting into a crowd is never justifiable (though it may be excusable), unless the necessity is so patent as to leave little room for difference of opinion respecting it in the mind of an unprejudiced tribunal. The New York "Times," following, apparently, a suggestion in the London "Spectator," urges the necessity of "a regularly organized, experienced, and disciplined police force" under State authority, and for use in the State at arge. The London "Spectator" puts the argument very well:

What the States want in their populous country districts is a well-trained, well-disciplined, well-paid, and well-led police. If they would only afford themselves that luxury, there would not only be no sort of need for massacres like that at Hazleton, but a far better preservation of law and order. It is not the ferocity of the foreign emigrant, or the callousness of the Americans, or the terrible jeopardy of great interests, or, again, the greed of the capitalists, or the wiles of the demagogue, but simply and solely the absence of a trained police, which necessitates shooting men down as they are so often shot down in America. We do not hesitate to say that if Luzerne County had been in the charge of an experienced Chief Constable from an English or Scotch county, supported by a body of English police, he would have prevented disorder without recourse to the methods which the American Sheriff considered absolutely necessary.

The "Spectator" goes on to show that England attempted our method of dealing with mobs by special constables, that the result was frequent repetitions of mob violence and frequent shooting into crowds, in which the innocent were injured or killed as well as the guilty, and that not till "we got a really well-organized police force, and maintained law and order thoroughly and consistently, and not merely spasmodically, were we able to put an end to a state of things under which every strike carried with it the probability of bloodshed."

❀

An anti-trust decision of practical value has been rendered by Judge Foster, of the United States District Court of Kansas. The case was that of a firm of dealers in live stock against the Kansas City Live Stock Exchange. One of the rules of this Exchange forbade its members to deal with any firm which did not conform with its rules. The complainants (Greer, Mills & Co.) urged that the practical effect of this rule was to require members of the Exchange to boycott all firms not members, and thus establish a monopoly of live-stock business, in violation of the anti-trust law. Judge Foster's opinion, giving judgment against the Exchange, is a singularly lucid setting forth of the monopolistic character of the organization:

It is shown beyond cavil that the entire membership of the association regard a commission merchant attempting to do business at the Kansas City stock-yards without joining the Exchange as one violating this rule, and treat him accordingly. And this construction is a natural one, for a compliance with the rules of the Exchange requires a party to subscribe to its rules and by-laws, and to pay a membership fee, which is now $2,500, to pay his assessments, and observe all other requirements, including the fees and commissions fixed for handling live stock.

All parties now engaged in the business are members of the Exchange except Greer, Mills & Co., who are making a fight in the courts to maintain their business, and are temporarily protected by injunction. It appears from the testimony that any person or partnership attempting to carry on business independent of the association is invited to apply for membership, and if he fails to do so, or if, rejected, he attempts to proceed, his name is written on a blackboard kept for

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public use in the Exchange buildings, and all members are warned against dealing with him. This admonition is strictly obeyed, and such person is boycotted.

The outcome is inevitable; the combined opposition of three hundred men against one can produce but one result. In vain does the outside dealer offer attractive bargains for the sale or purchase of stock; they will have no intercourse with him. This state of affairs is known and circulated among stock growers and shippers, and they dare not ship their stock to this boycotted broker or firm. These facts are established and amplified by a multitude of witnesses.

The ultimate purpose of the Exchange is written across its face, where all can read: it is to control and monopolize the entire business of buying and selling live stock at the Kansas City stockyards. It is clearly a combination to restrict, control, and monopolize that class of trade and commerce.

Attorney-General McKenna, in conformity with the principles laid down in this decision, has already instituted proceedings to enjoin the Omaha Live Stock Exchange from continuing in business, and proposes to bring similar suits against similar exchanges throughout the country. This attitude of the Attorney-General, which seems to have been assumed even prior to Judge Foster's decision, gives promise that the present Administration proposes to meet in an effective way the charge of monopoly sympathies brought against it during the campaign.

❀

Governor Ellerbe, of South Carolina, has withdrawn the metropolitan or State police from the city of Charleston. This action was taken only when the Charleston City Council had unanimously pledged themselves that the State dispensary law should be enforced by the local authorities. The Charleston "News and Courier," the most powerful opponent of the dispensary system, recently wrote to the members of the Legislature asking their views about the modification of the law. To an extent disappointing to that journal, the responses have favored the continuance of the dispensary system, making only such modifications as may be needed to suppress original package stores in case Judge Simonton's decision that the dispensary law was not passed in exercise of the police powers continues to protect these public nuisances. If the higher courts declare that the South Carolina temperance law is as legitimately an exercise of the police powers as the Iowa law or the Maine law, it is probable that no modifications of any sort will take place. The present legislators in South Carolina are practically unanimous in the conviction that the dispensary system is a vast improvement upon the license system which preceded it, and are opposed to any change that will legalize the selling of liquor at night or to be drunk on the premises. The poll of the Legislature taken by the "News and Courier" confirms in striking fashion the picture of South Carolina sentiment presented by Mr. John H. Bacon, of Wisconsin University, in a recent issue of The Outlook.

❀

The death of General Neal Dow in his home in Portland, Me., on Saturday afternoon of last week, removes one of the most individual and conspicuous men of his time in that great movement which may be generally called the Temperance movement. Born in 1804, Mr. Dow early became interested in public affairs, and was elected Mayor of Portland in 1851. Ten years earlier he had become intensely interested in the endeavor to restrict and control the liquor traffic, and it was not long before he was widely known as an ardent advocate of prohibition; and to the faith of his youth Mr. Dow adhered to the very end of his life, in the face of all manner of discouragements. His devotion to the cause which he had espoused was limited only by his strength. He has been heard in its advocacy in almost every part of this country, in Canada, and in Europe. He did not confine his advocacy to the platform, but was a constant contributor to the magazines and to the newspapers. In 1880 he was nominated by the National Prohibition party for the Presidency of the United States, and received about 10,000 votes. Four years later the Constitution of Maine was amended by popular vote by a provision forbidding forever the manufacture, sale, and keeping of intoxicating beverages, and it is not too much to say that this measure was largely secured through Mr. Dow's efforts and enthusiasm. The outbreak of the Civil War made a profound impression upon him, and, with his characteristic ardor and devotion, he offered himself for the service of the country, was appointed Colonel of the Thirteenth Maine Volunteers in December, 1861, and the following year was commissioned Brigadier-General, and placed in command of the forts at the mouths of the Mississippi. He was twice wounded, spent more than eight months in Libby Prison, and remained in the service until near the close of the war. His old age was nota-

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bly vigorous, and to the very end of his life he retained full use of his faculties. The Outlook often had occasion to differ from him on the question which he had so much at heart, but it has always been glad of any opportunity of recognizing his ardor, his enthusiasm, and his absolute sincerity.

❀

September reports of the business world are of special interest and encouragement. That of bank clearings shows the total to be among the largest ever recorded for a single month. The increase over the unusually heavy amount in August was about one-seventh, and over September, 1896, one-half. The total has not been exceeded in any month since January, 1893, and has never been exceeded for any September on record. The largest month's total in our history was that for December, 1892, but last month's aggregate was only seven and a half per cent. smaller. The record of business failures is now complete for the third quarter of the present year, and it is gratifying to note that the average of liabilities (as reported by "Dun's Review") is lower than in any other quarter for twenty-three years. For the calendar year so far, according to "Bradstreet's," there have been nearly 1,500 fewer failures than in the like period last year. Last month's railway earnings are one-eighth larger than for September a year ago. Exports of wheat and flour were twice as great as for the corresponding month in 1896, and corn exports three times as great. The United States Treasury record for September is more cheerful reading than was that for August. Last month's deficit was three million dollars, against fourteen for August, and two for September, 1896. Receipts were about twenty-two millions last month, as compared with nineteen in August, and twenty-four in September, 1896. Expenditures were twenty-five millions, as against thirty-three millions for the preceding month, and twenty-six for September, 1896. The net gold now in the Treasury amounts to nearly one hundred and forty-eight millions.

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At a recent Cabinet meeting it was decided to send a company of infantry to St. Michaels, Alaska. This probably means the establishment of a military post at the mouth of the Yukon. The action is due to the report of Captain Ray, the army officer recently sent to investigate the condition of affairs in Alaska. His report showed that, without any doubt, much suffering must be expected in the Klondike region beyond our border, but that lawlessness might be expected in Alaska itself, owing to lack of food. He urged the necessity of placing some kind of restraining force at St. Michaels, where there is a great amount of stores. A surgeon and three members of the Army Hospital Corps will accompany the regular troops. Mr. Joseph Ladue, the founder of the town of Dawson, has also been in consultation with President McKinley and Secretary Alger, at Washington, about methods for the relief of the feared destitution. Mr. Ladue is quoted as saying that there are sufficient provisions for only half the people already in the Klondike region. The carriage of supplies by ice-engines has been suggested, but Mr. Ladue thinks this method hardly practicable, as, when the Yukon freezes, the ice in the middle is forced up, forming great hillocks. He advises that a Government courier be immediately dispatched across one of the passes to the Klondike, urging all who can to embark on the last outgoing steamer down the river to St. Michaels. In addition, he advises the establishment of stations along Chilkoot Pass, with dog-trains for conveying relief supplies. An interesting movement has been started by the instructions from Secretary Bliss to the Commissioner of Education to have the reindeer now at Teller Station, Alaska, sent to St. Michaels, to be held there for use in forwarding supplies to the Klondike in case of emergency. It is believed that nearly a hundred reindeer have been broken to work and can be utilized in this way. They are better than dogs, as they travel more rapidly, draw more, and live on the forage of the country itself. A reindeer travels a hundred miles a day, and carries about three hundred pounds. In this connection the recent reports of the Commissioner of Education and of Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the Alaskan missionary and educator, are of special interest and value.

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It is a satisfaction to Canadians that the Klondike happens to be on their side of the frontier, not only because of the greater material wealth which will accrue to them in more than one way, but because their national pride has been touched. It has not been possible for them to view with entire

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equanimity the emigration of thousands to this country, and they are now happy in the belief that the large number of United States citizens already at work in the mines of British Columbia will be many times doubled by the rush to the Klondike. There are but few Canadians in the latter region in comparison with the men from this country. Year before last, one of the Canadian inspectors established a post at Fort Cudahy and collected revenues. Last year a regular customs officer was appointed. Police and customs posts have now been established beyond the head of the Lynn Canal, at the converging of the passes. Prior to this our citizens paid no duty, obtaining their goods in Seattle and other towns in the United States, to the loss of British Columbia. The customs charges on miners' outfits are those authorized by the ordinary revenue laws of Canada. No special or unusual regulations have been made. On the contrary, the British Chargé d'Affaires in Washington has informed our State Department that instructions have been sent to exempt miners' blankets, personal clothing in use, and broken packages of provisions being used, also cooking utensils in use. To make sufficient allowance for food, instructions have been given to the customs officers at Tagish to exempt one hundred pounds of food for the journey, charging ordinary customs duty only on excess. All persons bound for the Yukon are now met at the frontier, and the mounted police are instructed to compel those who have not a year's supply of provisions to return to the coast—a humane order. The Canadian Government is adding largely to the force of mounted police in the Klondike, and each officer has been appointed a stipendiary magistrate. It will thus be seen that the police have large administrative and executive powers. The system of royalties and claim reservations instituted by the Canadian Government, however, gives less general satisfaction.

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Last week was marked by two Cabinet crises. When the Conservative Premier of Spain, Señor Cánovas, fell by the hand of an assassin, the Queen Regent called General Azcarraga to conduct the Government. The appointment was a makeshift. General Azcarraga persisted in the reactionary policy of Cánovas, the soundness of which has for a long time been questioned by the Conservatives. When their leader was removed, they revolted against the policy which he bequeathed to his successor. The Spanish Treasury is on the verge of bankruptcy; after an enormous expenditure in Cuba, the pacification of the island is apparently as far distant as at the start; economic and political reforms are sorely needed and vigorously demanded in Spain; but General Azcarraga would make no concessions to the demands of his own party even, and finally resigned. The situation of the Conservative Ministry was still further complicated by the fact that the Minister of Finance was under the ban of excommunication laid upon him by the Bishop of Majorca. Some time ago the Minister had persisted in imposing a tax on certain church property. The Bishop claimed that the church was exempt from taxation, and the Minister met this claim by resorting to the customary legal process of levying on the church property for the amount of the unpaid tax. The Bishop promptly responded by a decree of excommunication. In a country in which religious feeling runs so high and is so passionate, this undoubtedly had something to do with fomenting the popular discontent. It was at first reported that the policy of the Ministry in Cuba had something to do with its fall, but there were ample reasons for the Ministerial crisis entirely aside from the Cuban question. It has been known for months past that the country was on the eve of a Carlist revolution, which may break out at any moment. It is surprising that a Ministry so entirely out of sympathy with the popular sentiment and with the needs of the country existed so long.

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After the usual delay, the Queen Regent has summoned Señor Sagasta, the leader of the Liberal party, to return to the position which he and Señor Cánovas have held by turns for many years past. Señor Sagasta, who is seventy years old, is a man of great vigor, courage, and distinctly progressive temper. He is one of the few men in Spain who see the situation of the country with clear eyes and have the courage of their convictions. He has been for a long time resolutely opposed to the policy of the Government in Cuba; he has frankly pointed out the abuses in Spain which demand prompt legislative action; and he understands the financial situation. His advent to power will undoubtedly mark a distinct modification of Spanish policy both at home and abroad; it

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will greatly facilitate the effort of this country to maintain peaceful relations with Spain, and at the same time to prevent an indefinite continuance of the present conditions in Cuba. The new Cabinet has given the very best evidence of its spirit by the prompt removal of General Weyler from command in Cuba, an officer whose incompetency and general disregard of the methods of civilized warfare have given him a kind of typical importance as an expression of all that is reactionary. Marshal Blanco, who succeeds him, is a man of an entirely different type. The result of the Cabinet crisis can hardly fail to be beneficial to Spain, although the problems which a Spanish statesman has to deal with require almost superhuman wisdom and courage.

❀

A Ministerial crisis in Athens was perhaps the inevitable result of the publication of the terms of peace between Turkey and Greece. It is a result, however, to be greatly regretted. The Premier, M. Ralli, had long been conspicuous for his courageous attacks on Government abuses of all sorts, and for his candid criticism of the military condition of the kingdom. If his criticisms had been heeded, the disasters of the last year would have been largely avoided. At least Greece would have had the satisfaction of knowing that she went into the struggle with the best possible preparation. Those criticisms, however, were disregarded, and Greece has now to add to the humiliation of defeat the consciousness that she was at all points ill armed to meet her adversary. When the Delyannis Cabinet went out of power last April, M. Ralli was, after some negotiation, called to the position of Premier, and accepted it with the understanding that he was to have an absolutely free hand, and that he was to devote himself to the reorganization of the army, to the reestablishment of order, and to a satisfactory solution of foreign relations. The terms of the treaty of peace were submitted by the Premier to the Greek Boulé, or Parliament, last week, not for ratification, but for approval, and the Premier asked at the same time for a vote of confidence in the Ministry, which was refused by a vote of 93 to 30, whereupon M. Ralli promptly resigned. It is not surprising that the Greeks revolted at the terms imposed upon them. The payment of a large indemnity in the exhausted state of the treasury would be hard enough under any circumstances, but in addition to this the Powers have practically appointed a receiver of the Greek Government. They have taken advantage of the disaster which has overtaken that Government to make it pay its debts, and they have practically put its income of all sorts into the hands of a syndicate in order that those debts may be paid. There is, naturally, a deep feeling of anger throughout Greece, and that anger vented itself when the Ministry, although in no sense responsible for the terms of peace, submitted those terms in the Boulé. The future of Greece depends upon the courage and self-control of the Greek people during the next few months. If they give way to idle rage, Greece is likely to sink permanently into an insignificant position; if, on the contrary, they follow the magnificent course of the French after their terrible defeats of twenty-seven years ago, and proceed courageously to learn the lesson of defeat and to reorganize the State, the schools, and the army, they will reap those fruits of growth and prosperity which France is already reaping.

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Paris is making a thorough investigation of the Bureau which has charge of the hospitals, asylums, children's homes, and out-of-door relief. For a long time past the management of these institutions has been charged, especially by the radical press, with many kinds of incompetency, and these charges have been reiterated so often that they can no longer be disregarded; and an effort is now to be made to reorganize what may be called the official charitable work of the great city. The number of officials is to be reduced, some kind of co-operation is to be arranged between the different charitable organizations, and the capacity of the hospitals is to be increased; other reforms in matters of detail are also to be made. The magnitude of this new effort toward more complete municipal government is suggested by the fact that it will involve an expenditure of more than ten millions of dollars. As the tax-rate in Paris is already very heavy, this will add materially to the burdens of the residents of that brilliant but expensive city.

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European emigration has shown much migratoriness on the part of Germans. It is said that during the past quarter of a century the emigration from Germany to this

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country amounts to nearly two million people. The attention of the Imperial Government at Berlin has now been called, not only to German emigration in general, but to that to the United States in particular, for nineteen-twentieths of the emigrants from the Fatherland select our country for their permanent settlement. In the last session of the Reichstag, therefore, the Government introduced a measure declaring that North America is not fitted for a rational German emigration, as here the language and customs are lost by way of assimilation. Furthermore, the relations of the emigrant with the mother country are not only dissolved, but the emigrant actually promotes competition with the agriculture and industry of his native country. These conditions do not exist to such an extent in South America, particularly in South Brazil. The bill recited that there German nationality is preserved, and the emigrant becomes a consumer of German products of industry and is an intermediary of commercial and political relations between his new home and his mother country. It was well known that the bill had an Imperial author, who, having been disappointed in the ineffectiveness of his efforts to divert Germans to their own colonies in Africa, had now turned his attention toward South America. It was not unnatural that he should do so, especially since a German society for the colonization of southern Brazil has been putting forth its exertions for forty years. This society has acquired a territory of nearly two million acres, has obtained the concession for the construction of a railway from the coast, and has induced many emigrants to settle on its lands. While this has gone on for a long time under a commercial guise, its transference to a political maneuver might call forth from the United States a repetition of the well-known declaration: "The American continents are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power." An attempt at such colonization, it was added, "we could not view in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States." It is extremely unlikely, however, that matters will proceed so far as this.

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The frank declaration of Pope Leo XIII. regarding the claims of the English Church had the great advantage of clearing a foggy situation. It has probably put an end to the constant coquetting of a very small body of advanced Churchmen with the Roman Church; it has certainly put an end to all attempts to evade or make light of the radical antagonism which exists between the two Churches on a fundamental question. The reunion of Christendom, when it comes, will come through absolute frankness. It will come by recognizing differences and healing them in the light of a higher principle; it will never come by evading them. The English Roman Catholics have evidently given up all attempts to conciliate any sympathizers with their Church who may still be within the Anglican fold. It will be remembered that in July a notable celebration of the thirteenth centenary of St. Augustine's landing on the Isle of Thanet was held at Canterbury by a great throng of English and American bishops, when Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, and probably the foremost preacher in the English Church, gave a notable interpretation of the influence which a Church ought to exert on civilization. The Roman Catholics have now celebrated the same event, and Cardinal Vaughan made use of the occasion to set forth the Roman Catholic position courteously but with uncompromising frankness. It is this frankness rather than any specific declaration of the Cardinal which gives his speech significance. Protestants will be somewhat amazed by his very unhistorical account of the Reformation, and by what appears to be his gross exaggeration of the tide of conversion which he said is flowing out of the Anglican into the Roman Church. His statement that all Christian people who express a desire for the unity of Christendom are unconscious supporters of the claims of the Roman Catholic Church has that air of ecclesiastical unreality which makes it unnecessary to treat it with any seriousness. That the Cardinal was courteous, restrained, and at the same time thoroughly frank, is not only a very hopeful sign of the times, but it also marks the first step toward that thorough understanding which must precede any attempt to secure the visible reunion of Christian people.

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Testimony is constantly appearing in unexpected places and on unexpected occasions as to the liberalizing of theological thought in this country during the last forty or fifty years. The "Atlantic Monthly," in its fortieth anniversary number, to which we referred

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last week, calls attention to the fact that in 1857 there were fears lest the new magazine, with such suspicious characters as Oliver Wendell Holmes among its contributors, might be dangerously heterodox. One of the religious papers of Boston said sadly, after reviewing the first number of the "Atlantic:" "We shall observe the progress of the work not without solicitude." The "Bookman" points out that the change of attitude of the "Independent" towards Dr. Holmes is an amusing but striking illustration of the unconscious modification of the attitude of "orthodoxy" towards philosophy and literature. In 1859 the "Independent," alluding to supposed heresies on the part of "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table," said:

> We presume that we do but speak the general conviction, as it certainly is our own, when we say that that which was to have been apprehended has not been avoided by the "Professor," but has been painfully realized in his new series of utterances. He has dashed at many things which he does not understand, has succeeded in irritating and repelling from the magazine many who had formerly read it with pleasure, and has neither equaled the spirit and vigorous vivacity nor maintained the reputation shown and acquired by the preceding papers. . . . As a whole, we judge that it will be pronounced a failure, and that little will be gained by it for either the author or his readers.

But the "Independent's" fears have passed away, for it now expresses its feeling as follows:

> The fortieth anniversary number of the "Atlantic Monthly" will be published September 20. Those of us who can look back forty years recall the wild delight with which we breakfasted with the "Autocrat" in those first twelve "Atlantics." To-day our tables are loaded with modern illustrated magazines, with their wonderful artistic finish. We pick them up languidly and know "that there hath passed away a glory from the earth." Will Hopkinson Smith, whose story of "Caleb West" begins in this anniversary issue, be to any young reader of to-day what Dr. Holmes was to the "Atlantic's" first readers?

No doubt this contrast illustrates a change of mind which has taken place in a great many readers since Oliver Wendell Holmes's delicious meditations on men and things first appeared.

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The new Museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences was formally dedicated on Saturday of last week. The present building is only a section of the structure as designed, which, says the New York "Tribune," "will be one of the most majestic buildings in the country, if it is ever completed." The building stands on high ground adjoining Prospect Park, and from its upper stories commands a magnificent view of the park, the city, and the distant ocean. The Museum itself is yet in its infancy, but gives promise of becoming one of the great educational institutions of the metropolis. The reference of Mr. Healy, the President of the Institute, to the South Kensington Museum of London was not inappropriate, relatively small as is the present Brooklyn collection. The Rev. Lyman Abbott, who is the President of the Council of the Institute, offered the prayer of dedication, and the principal address was delivered by President Eliot, of Harvard University, on "Democratic Education." Other addresses were delivered by President Healy, Mayor Wurster, Colonel Albert D. Shaw, Department Commander of the Grand Army of the State of New York, who presented to the Institute an American flag on behalf of the U. S. Grant Post of Brooklyn, and Professor Franklin W. Hooper, the Director of the Institute, who, on its behalf, received the flag.

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Home Rule

M. de Tocqueville has pointed out very clearly that American democracy rests upon local self-government as its fundamental principle. One of the evils in American municipal government has been the systematic and flagrant violation of this principle. What is euphoniously called "the better class of citizens" neglected their political duties in the great cities; they were too busy making money to devote any time to the public service. Thereupon other citizens, who also wanted to make money, and who found it easier to make it out of the public service than by private enterprise, entered the public service for what they could make. "The better class of citizens" should have taken warning, ceased their neglect of political duties, and set themselves diligently to work in the public service to secure the public welfare. They did not. Instead, they appealed to the State Legislatures to relieve them from the consequences of their own neglect of duty, and continued to neglect it. Some temporary relief was afforded. The Commissions appointed by the States governed the cities more efficiently and more honestly than they had been governed by local politicians

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of an inferior grade. But the relief was only temporary. Rural politicians in both parties, finding the municipal treasuries at their disposal, and also at their disposal larger funds which came from the illicit partnership between the municipalities and the favored corporations, took advantage of the opportunity afforded them, and the corruption which had been municipal only speedily extended to the State. This history has been repeated in Massachusetts, New York, and Illinois, and, in somewhat less glaring forms, in other States also. For some years a few reformers, whose voices were heard with impatience or not at all, have been urging a return to the principle of local self-government. They have insisted that the cities should govern themselves; that they should not be relieved of the results of their own misconduct by legislative interference; that "the better class of citizens" should be compelled to go to the polls, and if necessary to the primaries, or, in default, left to pay the penalty of their criminal neglect in dirty streets, corrupt police, inefficient fire departments, and constantly increasing taxation. They have insisted that "the better class of citizens" could take the lead in municipal affairs whenever they chose so to do, and, taking the lead, could control the municipal governments in the interest of cleanliness, health, purity, and order. Mr. Seth Low was among the first whose voice was heard and heeded, and the city of Brooklyn, under his administration, was the first to make a trial of this rational method of municipal purification. Mr. Low is, therefore, the natural representative of Home Rule in the present election. In his letter of acceptance he thus declares the general principle:

> Nothing is more vital to the welfare of the city, as I conceive, than that it be allowed by the Legislature to shape its own destinies in all matters that are purely local. I would wish the great city to bear its part proudly in all the concerns of the Empire State, and willingly to bear its share of the burdens of the State; but as concerns the city's local affairs, it is not so much a part of the State as it is the home of its inhabitants. If I am elected, I shall contend sturdily for the city's right, in such matters, to govern itself.

It is true that both Tammany Hall and the Republican machine, following Mr. Low afar off, also affirm the principle of Home Rule. But it is also true that actions speak louder than words, and that both parties, when intrusted with power to confer Home Rule on the cities of the State, have refused to do so. The people have short memories, but they will hardly forget how flagrantly this principle was violated in the case of the city of Buffalo under the administration of Governor Flower; how the authority conferred upon the Mayor by the charter of Buffalo to appoint the police commissioners was taken away by a bill rushed through the Legislature, and a petition of the citizens for a hearing against it was curtly refused by the too compliant Governor of the State. Nor will they forget how, in spite of the urgency of Mr. Lauterbach, the Republican party, which had granted local option to the rural communities on the excise question, refused to grant it to the people of the city of New York.

In truth, neither the Tammany nor the Republican machine trusts the people. They do not allow self-government even within the organization. That a majority of the Republican voters are in favor of Mr. Low is hardly doubtful; that a majority of Democratic voters are opposed to Mr. Van Wyck is absolutely certain. The Tammany and the Republican machines are both founded on distrust of the people, and the history of the past makes it evident that, whatever motto they may inscribe upon their banners, municipal Home Rule will never come through their efforts.

The only hope for the real and radical application of the principle of local self-government is either in a reorganization of the Tammany or of the Republican machine, or in an independent movement. Of the former there is certainly no hope in the present campaign. The latter is full of hope, if for no other reason because it is a sign of repentance on the part of "the better class of citizens." The evils and the shame of municipal misrule have awakened them to a sense of their duty, and the measurable success already achieved under Mayor Strong's administration, though it is rather a composite than an independent administration, has demonstrated what can be done, even under great difficulties, to make the city an honor to the State and to the Nation. Thus the civic conscience, awakened by peril, and civic hope, inspired by success, have combined to furnish an incentive to a movement which, whatever its immediate political results, is, in its educational aspects, one of the most hopeful in recent American political history. We believe that the present movement, which is equally a revolt against bossism in politics and against legislative imperialism in civic

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affairs, is the beginning of a revolution which has in it the augury of a renovated democracy because it has in it an awakened political manhood. This revolution is certain to extend to other cities in this and other States. The question to be determined in this election is whether New York shall be a leader or a follower in this movement.

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Politics and the Home

The Women's Municipal League of New York, which did much good and efficient service in the Mayoralty campaign of 1893, has been reorganized to help the Citizens' Union and support its candidate, the Hon. Seth Low. The members of the League have entered upon this campaign with the women of the several Boroughs for the protection of their homes. The activities of women, in the fields of philanthropy and education, have compelled them to recognize the relation between the administration of municipal affairs and the conditions that environ and control the home. The physical and moral health of every community depends on the integrity with which the affairs of the community are administered.

Every woman knows that the health of her own household depends on a plentiful supply of pure water, clean streets, sanitary care of garbage, and a careful oversight of the food-supplies that come to her table. She knows that eternal vigilance inside the four walls of her home will not protect its health if there is negligence in these departments of city government.

Its moral health depends no less on the possibilities for education given to its citizens of every class. Ignorance is the great enemy of democratic governments. The education maintained at public expense is the bank reserve of its citizens, the moral protection of its homes. The woman who does not know the condition of the schools in the community in which she lives may bear children, but she is not in the highest sense a mother, the crown of womanhood. For they constitute the department of municipal government most nearly related to the life of the home, and most immediately under the supervision of the women in the home.

Next in importance stand the opportunities for recreation. A community cannot be healthy unless light, space, and air are provided for its meanest citizens. Women should make their influence felt in this department—the parks—of municipal government. The administration of law and the protection of life and property must always depend on the education and the recreative opportunities provided for those who make the community.

In these respects the women of the community have an interest in politics, especially in local politics, and a duty to exert their influence for sanitary conditions, good schools, healthful recreation. In these respects the women in every part of New York City have a special interest in the approaching city election, and in the victory of the principle represented in the platform of the Citizens' Union and in the letter of acceptance of Mr. Low.

❀

Self-Flattery

The tendency to make our own tastes the standards and our own characters the normal types of soundness and strength is both general and deep. Most of us are probably unaware of the extent to which we unconsciously flatter ourselves by giving prominence to our particular way of meeting events and dealing with them. Absolute honesty with ourselves is a very rare virtue; most of us shield ourselves from clear, uncompromising, relentless truth. It is sometimes both pathetic and amusing to hear the entirely unconscious expressions of conceit which come from the lips of those who have no thought of betraying their own self-satisfaction. This vein of conceit runs, as a rule, through all our comment upon other people; as we sagely reflect on their habits, manners, and characteristics, we continually pay inferential compliments to ourselves. If we say of a neighbor that he has great tact and skill in dealing with people, that he avoids collisions and secures his ends by pervading friendliness and courtesy, we are quite likely to add, "I can't do things that way. I have to speak out and let people know precisely what I think;" the inference being, of course, that there is a kind of heroic truthfulness in us which our neighbor lacks. It is suggestive to note that the man who lays this particular balm to his heart is very often the kind of man who is always stirring up useless and foolish animosity by lack of courtesy and consideration. The man who delights to call himself plain and blunt is often called by his neighbors discourteous and rude; and his neighbors are

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very often sound in their judgment. The possession of tact does not imply the faintest touch of insincerity, and the man who "always speaks his mind" is often very offensive, without possessing any superior sense of truthfulness. A very emotional person is likely to credit herself with unusual sensitiveness, when she may be conspicuously lacking in that somewhat unusual quality; and a very calm person is prone to speak of her feelings as quiet but deep. Thus we fall into the habit of flattering ourselves at the expense of those who differ from us, and we need to set a watch upon ourselves. A trained ear will detect a false note in the voice; a clear intelligence will protect us even from unconscious conceit.

❀

Retreats for the Spirit

"As often as you can in the course of the day, recall your spirit into the presence of God," writes St. Francis of Sales in his meditations on the Devout Life. In the noise and confusion of the visible, one needs constantly to take refuge in the invisible. We are always in the presence of God; to find that presence we do not need to seek the silence of the desert or the monastery; we need only to remember that we are in His presence and to recall our spirits to the consciousness that wherever we are, there is God also. To give his deep counsel greater definiteness, the great Bishop of Genoa adds these striking words: "Remember, then, to make occasional retreats into the solitude of your heart, whilst outwardly engaged in business or conversation. This mental solitude cannot be prevented by the multitude of those who are about you, for they are not about your heart, but about your body; so your heart may remain above, in the presence of God alone." This was the refuge of David under the burdens of the State; and in this habit lies the secret of that richness of expression of the spiritual life which makes the Book of Psalms one of the text-books of the religious life. "O Lord," cries the King, "as for me, I am always with Thee. I have set God always before me. Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes, O Thou that dwellest in the heavens. My eyes are ever looking unto the Lord."

When St. Catherine of Siena, the good Bishop adds by way of illustration, was deprived by her parents of every opportunity for prayer and meditation, she made "a little interior oratory within her own soul," in which she found, at all times, the solitude of the heart which she craved. Persecution could not harm her. "You may kill us," wrote a great Christian to a Roman Emperor, "but you cannot hurt us." The noise and tumult of the world could not confuse her; she was in it, but she was not of it. She needed neither stated time of worship nor consecrated place to kneel in; her own heart had become a sanctuary, and her own soul a retreat. She was impregnable in the fastness of her spirit.

It is a great mistake to suppose that such retreats from the noise of the world are no longer necessary; that they are characteristic of a religious experience which the race has left behind in its swift movement forward. The modern world looks back with a kind of self-conscious complacency on the mediæval world, and thanks God in a very audible voice that it is no longer what it was five centuries ago. The progress has been great, and nowhere greater than in the freedom and breadth of the religious life as men now understand it; but there have been losses as well as gains, and one of these losses is the apparent disappearance from the consciousness of a multitude of religious people of the need of silence and solitude in order that the presence of God may be felt. It is a noble manifestation of the Christian spirit which makes so many modern men impatient of any kind of religious confession which is not evidenced and confirmed by immediate and ardent service. Never before in the history of the race has religion been so swiftly and nobly translated into human helpfulness; and men are everywhere showing their love for the invisible God by the love they bear for their brethren.

In this modern emphasis upon activity and helpfulness there is danger, however, that the springs of spiritual power may lose in depth and capacity. If an immense surface of hitherto arid territory is to be irrigated and its desolation turned into fruitfulness, the fountains themselves must be deepened. The impulse must gather force with the increased volume of activity. And so it comes about that to-day men need to realize more keenly than before that they are not only in the presence of their fellows, but that they are also in the presence of God. There is sore need of a revival of the mediæval consciousness not only of dependence upon God but of dependence on meditation, prayer, and soli-

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tude of the spirit. The man who speaks often without constant and arduous preparation runs shallow in thought and becomes commonplace in expression; the man who writes without tireless preparation of mind and spirit through reading, observation, and meditation loses freshness, originality, and force and becomes a mere maker of sentences; in like manner the religious man whose whole force goes out in practical work, without constant inward devoutness and seeking of God, becomes a religious mechanician and ceases to be a source of inspiration and power.

Activity is the manifestation of life, but it is not life. Life bears the fruit of service and helpfulness, but it is neither visible nor audible; it is hidden in that mystery which not only veils the throne of God but enfolds everything else that is divine among men. To find that life one must withdraw from the visible into the invisible; one must pass from the presence of man into the presence of God. And St. Catherine found and foreshadowed the way of the modern man when she made "a little interior oratory within her soul." Into these invisible places of meditation and worship one may go from the noise of the world as really as one steps from the tumult of the street into the vast silence of a cathedral; but one does not need to seek them afar; their noiseless doors are always within touch of the hand that feels for them.

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The Spectator

Herself is not with me. It is a good plan sometimes for husband and wife to take a vacation from each other—especially good for the wife. The husband is the wife's care, the children the mother's care; and though she always enjoys the vacation better which she takes with her husband and children, it is not always the best vacation for her. In missing Herself in many little things and some great ones, I realize how much care she takes of her husband, and of how much, therefore, she is just now compulsorily relieved. Moreover, an occasional separation of husband and wife enables them to appreciate each other better when the separation is over. Each has an opportunity to study unconsciously other people, and to learn some lessons by the study. The wife is apt to compare her husband with her ideal, and he suffers by comparison. But when she compares him with other husbands, she prefers her own. And on his side, when he sees certain of his own marital infelicities—not to say discourtesies—repeated by other husbands, he thinks them odious, and resolves to amend. So Herself and I are spending our vacations apart—she in Maine, I in Norway. We do not, either of us, like it as well as a vacation spent together, but we shall both be better for it.

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But I am not alone; I have three companions, whom I will designate respectively as Guide, Philosopher, and Friend. The Guide is the business man; he arranges the routes, buys the tickets, pays the bills, struggles with the porters speaking in an unknown tongue, and is in general the Conductor of the party. There is an old story of a farmer who said that he had a span of horses who matched perfectly—one of them liked to do all the work, and the other liked to have him do it. It is on this basis that the partnership has been made by which all the business cares of the trip are assumed by the Guide. He has but one fault—he likes to over-fee the waiters and the porters. But as the sum total of these minor extras is a very small charge for "personally conducting" the trip, we say nothing. The Friend is a friend of humanity in general; and also a preacher, which accounts for an occasional dip, or soaring, into a homiletical tone. As to the Philosopher—but enough; my companions will introduce themselves to the reader. It ought to be added that I am really writing this journal for Herself to read. But she does not read my handwriting very well; indeed, no one does but one expert compositor in The Outlook office. So The Outlook is printing the journal for her benefit. If it strikes the reader as a trifle familiar, let him remember that he is looking over a wife's shoulder as she is reading her husband's letters.

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We found Hamburg a most delightful city, quite different from what any of us had anticipated—commercially more interesting than London, æsthetically more attractive than Paris.

Guide: A man's estimate. No woman would agree. There is no Palais Royal; there are no Boulevards; and no perilously winsome shops.

Spectator: The æsthetic feature of the

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city is in the two artificial lakes—one, a smaller, around which are the great shops and the hotels; the other connected with it, but much larger, and reaching out into the country. About this latter are ranged the finer residences. We drove for an hour around this lake, by miles of lawns, gardens, and groves—an Eden in the heart of a great city.

Friend: Like the picture of heaven in the Book of Revelation, a New Jerusalem, and a crystal river of life with trees on either side, whose leaves were for the healing of the nations.

Guide: If I remember aright, the nations got something else than healing a few years ago from the river which flows through the midst of the city of Hamburg.

Philosopher: I wonder that Americans have not learned something from their trips abroad. We are proud of our Fifth Avenue, but it is nothing but stone and mortar, after all. If I had the wealth of a Vanderbilt or a Rockefeller, I would build a modest house, and put my wealth into a lawn and garden surrounding it.

Guide: And in the winter your garden would be barren of beauty, and, of course, in the summer you would not be in the city to enjoy it.

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The harbor is quite as interesting as the gardens. On a river that is an insignificant creek in comparison with the Hudson, and so unpropitiously situated from a maritime point of view that she has had to actually dig it out of the dry land, Hamburg has created one of the finest docking harbors in the world. Hamburg's wonderful development as a maritime city is a lesson to New York. We took an hour's sail in and out among the harbor's innumerable turnings. And we all agreed with the Philosopher's remark that Hamburg proved that commerce need be neither dirty, nor disorderly, nor ugly. The Friend pointed out on one of the wharves a house bearing the sign "Speisehalle No. 7." Inquiry developed the fact that these refreshment halls are put up by the government—municipal government, I believe—so that the laborers can get a resting-place and a meal, that is sure to be decent, at cost price. That is a bit of German Socialism which it would be a good plan for the Greater New York to imitate. The new recreation pier is a step in the right direction.

In the afternoon the Guide took us to St. Michael's Church, an old-new church in the center of the city; that is, the church is old, but the edifice is new, having been rebuilt after the great fire of a few years ago. (For dates see Baedeker.) The Guide found the sacristan in a building opposite, and he let us in. The Lutheran churches are not, apparently, open to all comers at all times, as the Roman and the Anglican churches are. A tuner was at work upon the organ. Presently he stopped his work. Then organ music began—and such music! It is an unfortunate fact that no church can be built for both music and preaching. The music requires an echo; an echo spoils the preaching. The music from this great organ pealed through the church, echoed from the vaulted ceiling, sang, as it were, responsively, the echoes from the chancel answering the tones from the organ loft, now loud, now soft, and passing from one to another by those imperceptible transitions which only the most skilled organist knows how to make. In true organ-playing the music is like a current, which in crescendo movements is increased, not by streams that dart in visibly with sudden accretions from the side, but by unseen springs of sound which well up from underneath, swelling the volume, you know not how. Our organist was evidently extemporizing, and for his own enjoyment. I do not think that he was conscious he had an auditor. But in his extemporizing he wove in snatches of familiar strains, especially one splendid German choral. Presently the sacristan called across the church to his assistant, "Who is it playing, M—— or K——?" "K——," replied the assistant. Then the sacristan called out to him. The music stopped, and the organist, getting down from his seat, appeared from behind the keyboard which had hidden him from view. And, behold, a workingman in his blouse! It was, if you please, a German mechanic, the tuner, and he had been giving us such an improvisation as I have not often heard in either England or America. But, alas! the charm was broken. And when the sacristan ordered him—for his tone was rather one of command than of request—to play a designated piece for us, Luther's *Ein' Feste Burg*, although the playing was still fine, consciousness that he was playing for others came in to make the music, relatively speaking, stiff and formal. But what a country this Germany is, where the playing of an organ-tuner is like the playing of a great master!

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Legitimate Reactions from Calvinism

By the Rev. Charles Gore, D.D.
Canon of Westminster

An Address delivered in the Church of the Incarnation, New York City, September 29, 1897

(CONDENSED)

The delegates to the one hundred and fourteenth annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New York, held in the Church of the Incarnation last week, had the pleasure of listening to a sermon from Canon Gore, on the Divine Mercy and Judgment. The distinguished Englishman preached for Bishop Potter. It was the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels, and the preacher took his text from Psalm ci.

"I will sing of mercy and judgment."

THE thought of angelic ministrations is to the imagination of Christians a thought of beauty, love, and praise. We love to think of angels as hastening on their many missions of mercy, doing all for love and nothing for reward.

It is a delight to believe that in this vast universe there are beings whom we cannot see, and to whose intelligence every element of concealed beauty is evident, who regard the hidden works of God with delight and gratitude. To Christians this is a thought of beauty, of love, of service. But in the second lesson for the service of this day it will be seen that the angels are as much ministers of judgment as of mercy. Unto the God of Judgment, as of Mercy, do they sing. The angels' song is true in all stages of the divine revelation. True of the Old Testament, it cannot be said that even in the New the revelation of mercy overwhelms the revelation of judgment. Rather do the shadows deepen as the mystery of love is made clearer.

So I venture to use the angels to-day while I speak to you of the judgments of God. I could not do otherwise than choose some such familiar subject when I come to you with such slight preparation. I do think that we churchmen and we clergymen are in danger of weakening in our preaching the awful force of the revelation of the divine judgment, for we have, in our reaction from Calvinism and from the awful mediæval doctrines of hell, lost sight, to a degree, of the elemental necessity of judgment.

In a reaction there are, I think, always elements of danger, and we must guard against these while we seek to indicate the legitimate elements in the modern reaction against Calvinism. It was taught, then, in those days of terror, that great multitudes of the human race were created by God with the deliberate divine intent of everlasting loss and ruin as their heritage. We now believe this view to be contrary to all that we know of the divine character. It opposes itself to our idea of the mercy not alone, but of the justice of God. It does indeed seem strange that, even upon the authority of such a saint as Augustine, this awful idea should have dominated the theology of the Middle Ages, and fixed itself later into the religious thought of the world through the metaphysical system of Calvin. We have repudiated this view, as we must repudiate any supposed revelation from God which oversets our own thought of him, if that thought be in accord with the fundamental religious instincts which he has given us. Revelation is a way to God, and that cannot be a way to God which tramples on his elementary revelation to us of justice and of judgment.

When we come to an examination of the matter, there is indeed a reprobation of God. There was reprobation for the Jews, and reprobation in the new dispensation.

St. Paul, in his tremendous three great chapters (from the ninth to the eleventh of Romans), brings out with terrible force the awful character of the divine judgment. There is reprobation everywhere; but it is not God's purpose, first or last, to make reprobation the end of his dealing with any created being. It was not his purpose under the first dispensation of the Jews, and it is not his purpose at the last under the Christian dispensation. Paul sums up, even after the three great chapters on the divine reprobation, the purpose of God, who "concluded all under unbelief that he might have mercy upon all." No, these terrors of the law are only stages in a process which works out the eternal, divine purpose of mercy. He will have all men come to a knowledge of the truth.

We come to a secondary legitimate reaction from Calvinism. It came to be believed, after the idea that a merciful God had created man for destruction had died out, that a vast

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majority of the human race would be eternally and irrevocably lost. This belief was held in the face of opposite teaching, in the New Testament and in the Old. Always in both it is true that God's elect are few; but what is election? Men may be and are elected to superior knowledge, or power, or wealth, or education, or development, or spiritual force. In the world it is so, and so it is in the Church of God; but are these elected for selfish purposes? God works through the few for the good of the many. He may hedge around a few, but it is that they may be prepared to fulfill his purpose in the salvation of the many.

He hedged about Abraham that he might become the Father of the Faithful; he hedged the chosen people that in them all the nations of the earth might in the end be blessed; he protected men in the "sacred school of the knowledge of God," as Athanasius called the Catholic Church, so that in the fullness of time he might gather all unto himself in Christ Jesus.

In reaction from the false doctrine of election the Christian world has legitimately repudiated all that might be called divine injustice. Unbaptized infants were condemned in the Catholic Church as in Calvinism, although this had not been the belief of Christians in the earlier ages of the Church. There has been a strong and marked reaction in our days from anything or any doctrine which ascribed to God such an utter absence of the first elements of justice.

Can we imagine a father who would not do his best for his sons and daughters, who would not bring them to their happiest and their best? God cares for and loves every individual child of his, and will make the best of each. This is a doctrine which carries with it to every heart the unmistakable evidence of truth. What do we know of the opportunities of God, what can we predicate of the possibilities of soul life which may be wrapped in the moment of the mysteries of death?

Our knowledge of God's power to work beyond death is not conjectural. St. Peter gives a wonderful illustration in the instance where Christ himself, quickened or made more vigorous in the spiritual life by death, preached to the spirits in prison—vast masses of beings who, confessedly disobedient, were cut off in their sins.

Are they condemned? No. The Gospel of Good Tidings was preached to them, dead, and dead under the judgment of the divinely permitted inequality and lack of opportunity under which the majority of human beings have lived. Beyond this little life we have epoch upon epoch, and through them all reaches the divine love, the divine purpose, the Father-heart seeking the children whom He has made. So the world has reacted from the inequitable idea that men will be judged finally by their spiritual knowledge gained up to the time of death.

A further legitimate reaction from Calvinism is a reaction from its omniscience. It knew too much, it went into minute detail in matters where it could not know, and seemed to see it all. Necessary immortality for all was assumed, as was the endless character of the "eternal" death; and its system of metaphysics adjusted the love of God and his infinite knowledge and power to the workings of a detailed mechanism of human invention. It told a vast deal about the many mansions beyond this life of ours which it did not know, and which we now realize that we can see as yet only through a glass, darkly.

Finally, in this reaction from Calvinism we maintain the principle which it ignored and left out, and seek the fulfillment of all things in the idea that there will be a divine unity in the universe when God's purposes are all fulfilled; that somehow, and at the end, these intelligences which he has made will rest in him in the perfection of ecstasy; that there will be a final unity, when throughout the length and breadth of the universe there shall be no rebellion against God, and eternal law and order shall reign.

These five grounds of reaction from Calvinism I think, therefore, that we may legitimately take. We may never again hold that any single creature made by God was created to be damned; we have no kind of reason to believe that God will deny to the vast majority of the human race the attainment of the best that is in them. We have thrown aside the inequitable idea that men will be finally judged according to the spiritual knowledge which at their death God had seen fit to give them; we must deny that this humanly devised system "knew it all," and we must protest against its denial of that "far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves," the unity and perfection of the final purpose of God.

But are we therefore justified in dropping into an easy-going universalism which as-

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sures all men that, no matter what they do, it will be all right with them in the end? I assure you that in England we are in danger of an entire weakening of the idea that moral conduct has any relation to future condition. Are we, I say, justified in this extension of a legitimate reaction from Calvinism? Are we to believe that all sin is merely a form of retarded progress, and that all will come at last, regardless of moral conduct, to the end of their being? This is not warranted; the New Testament is a stern book; our Lord's teaching is stern teaching, and on nothing does he lay such stress as upon the ultimate responsibility of the human conscience. In looking over the first chapters of the tremendous argument for human responsibility in the pages of Butler's "Analogy" we find, in the light of our legitimate reactions, nothing requiring reconsideration, nothing which needs to be rewritten. What he there lays down seems to me to be true: the reality of responsibility, or the reality of the divine judgment; we are living under probation, and a God of certainty irrevocably rules the universe. We are continually subjected to temptation; opportunity is given us, and opportunity, as we know in all life, cannot be too long played with. Here is an artist who has squandered his opportunity by miserable dilettanteism. By refusal to fulfill his possibilities he becomes in time a man who can no longer be an artist. Exactly the same thing is true of a man in his dealings with his moral nature. We know that it is always so. Good emotions transferred into action become stronger; if acts are repeated they crystallize into habits, and habits stereotype character. We have every reason to think that the same process goes on beyond life. If death be terrible to a heathen, it is because of the ending of the beautiful sunshiny life that he has loved. It is terrible to the Christian because, stripped bare of all the old outward circumstances, it leaves him alone with his character, before a certain and righteous judgment. If he has molded that character in worldliness and self-indulgence, then he finds himself stripped naked of human accident, only to see that his whole life was calculated upon the basis of a misconception. God is immutable, and he cannot change his immutable moral nature. Isaiah speaks of the man who has lived uprightly, and says that he shall be able to face the everlasting fire of a just God and be unconsumed. Will he who has lived uprightly suffer these everlasting burnings? No. He shall see the King in his beauty. To him who has not purged himself of uncleanness God is a devouring fire. He is in outer darkness; simply, as we say, "out of it." What is this but the sad result of neglected opportunity, the fixed determination of men and women to remain in outer darkness? Nor have we any authority to say that such darkness may be dispelled, if it be self-chosen. Our Lord's words are strong, and they have stood while the critical thought of men has played about them. These are words about an eternal sin which cannot be forgotten. It is not that God is unable to forgive, but that there may be in man a destruction of the capacity to rise. Our Lord has said that it would be "good for that man if he had never been born." Presumptuous to a degree, then, would it be were we to say that in the end every man must come to the highest end and the greatest happiness, when our Lord has said that "it had been better for that man if he had never been born."

My song shall be of mercy and judgment in an age of science and of law, yet an age when men are playing fast and loose with the certainties of moral law. It was James Martineau who said that it has always been superficial and shallow men who have disregarded the facts of God's judgment, while our Lord and men like Plato have looked them full in the face. Men must look superficially to suppose that all men are good, that all, irrespective of conduct, are coming to one place, to one condition. Every deep moralist knows that, alike on the surface as they may seem, men are better or worse than they appear. Crises try and separate us, man from man, and show whether we are working upward by the living principles of God, or merely living lives of selfishness and of moral degradation, which will bring upon us the inevitable divine judgment.

That doctrine is as true as the Fatherhood of God. Let us by all means grasp the last with infinite gratitude. Let man know that God loves him, and that He will bless him with an infinitude of opportunity. Let us look all men in the face, and tell them of God's beauty and his love, while we urge them to accept him. But never, if we are faithful, must we allow ourselves to forget our responsibility to warn them of the judgment which must follow neglect. The ministry of angels was a ministry of judgment as of mercy; our ministry must be no less faithful. The

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ministry of Jesus Christ was a savor of life unto life, or a savor of death unto death, according as the soul of man received his message or passed finally into the outer darkness of rejection. It must be always so, on account of the laws of the divine, and the freedom of the human, nature. My song shall be of mercy and judgment.

A Walk Around Grasmere

By Hamilton W. Mabie

THE rain, which had been falling at frequent intervals for two or three days, was at an end, and the mists were drifting up the slopes of the hills to become clouds and slowly withdraw through the higher vales. That soft blue which the English sky so often wears refreshed and delighted the eyes, dreary with the dull gray or blacker hue of rainy days. The little lake smiled in the sunlight, which seemed to touch it with a sense of joy, as if life were beginning again after a melancholy sleep. In the Lake country one walks in all weathers, and there is no place where men show greater indifference to clouds and dampness. This indifference is born of the climatic conditions of the section, but it is fostered by the perception that there is a certain characteristic beauty which spreads itself over the hills and through the vales only when clouds are sweeping across the landscape and mists are folding in the distant peaks, and then suddenly disclosing them to view. A still, bright sky brings a charming color over the landscape, but its more impressive and noble aspects need the aid of the advancing or retreating storm. They are best seen, perhaps, when the sky is clearing, and the invading clouds are changing into mists, and the mists are silently vanishing. On such an afternoon a walk around Grasmere seems to put one into deepest sympathy with a landscape which must be thoroughly known to be really seen; and which, once really seen, takes possession of the imagination with a sense, not only of a soft and wonderful beauty, but of a certain deep poetic quality which many bolder scenes entirely lack.

On such afternoons, too, one hears most clearly that pure, clear note which everywhere sounds in these vales and gives them a voice at once soothing, beguiling, and penetrating. The murmur of falling water haunts every path and byway among the hills, and sings its song of perennial freshness and inviolable solitude in all weathers and seasons. One may start from the arched bridge over the Rotha, where he sleeps in whose poetry lives and breathes the very spirit of the place. The dark, swift-flowing stream, with the mystery of the lonely hills sleeping in its shadowy pools, winds under the trees by Wordsworth's grave; and as one listens to its rushing current, and, looking past the venerable tower of the church, sees the foam of a waterfall dropping white and silent against the remote hills, he hears again a thousand lines read in other times and places, born of such hours and sounds and silence as these.

A few minutes' walk through the narrow, winding lanes, walled with gray stone softened by clinging vines, and one is within sight of the little lake, with its one small island and its rude, weather-beaten shelter for cattle which the poet described ninety years ago. Reeds and grasses fringe the upper shore, and the touches of sunlight give the water the movement and freshness of a life fed afresh by the clouds and streams. As one walks, the landscape grows vocal, and one understands for the first time what Wordsworth meant when he wrote:

Loud is the Vale! the Voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are gone;
A mighty unison of streams!
And all her Voices, One.

Loud is the Vale:—this inland Depth
In peace is roaring like the Sea;
Yon star upon the mountain-top
Is listening quietly.

The foaming falls in the background send their deeper tones across the Vale; but the nearer landscape has voices of its own. On every hand, hidden from view, invisible streams are murmuring. Out of the deep greenness of trees, from the roots of the lush grasses, that song of the mountains rises into the air and assails the ear that listens. To one who has not heard it, it is quite impossible to describe the effect of these ceaseless and intermingling sounds of falling water; so refreshing and beguiling are they, and so full of appeal to the imagination.

The road, meantime, is climbing the side

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of the hill, and the hills are lifting themselves into greater boldness and impressiveness. The mists are curling about their summits; sometimes white and motionless for a moment, poised in mid-air and clinging to the slopes up which they have drifted, sometimes dark and threatening, rolling in heavy masses onward as if to escape from the narrow world of the Vale to that wider world of the sea which lies not far to the west. The trees hang over the narrow way everywhere smooth and clean with that perfection of making and of keeping which fills the American with delight and envy. The few houses are out of sight; the moss and ivy almost conceal the gray walls which inclose the walker; everywhere solitude, greenness, the sense of remoteness, the splendor of the hills and the voices of the streams calling to each other from the places where they are hidden.

And now, at the top of the hill, one leaves the highway and plunges down a gentle ravine into a mysterious and shadowy region. Here, however, as everywhere in this old country, solitude is not divorced from order. There are well-defined paths running right and left, and glimpses of lawns and gardens and green places full of fragrant rest. A little further and these are left behind; the path shows fewer signs of use, and in a moment one is out of the shade of the trees and upon the hillside at the lower end of the lake. Here it runs clearly defined and straight, midway between the base and summit of a rock-strewn slope; a path from which the vale and the mountains come into clear view; a place of silence, solitude, and noble loveliness; a place forever dear to lovers of English verse; for it is Loughrigg Terrace, and here Wordsworth composed some of the best loved of those poems which have carried the beauty of this place and the sounds of these streams into the very heart of English speech.

Hills rise about one on every side, and the lake nestles among them. The little hamlet of Grasmere—quaintest of English villages—is almost hidden at the further end, the square church tower rising among the trees to mark the place where the interpreter and revealer of this beautiful country sleeps. The great mass of Helvellyn climbs skyward in the remote background, and one looks through the upper vale towards Thirlmere and sees the mists sweeping through the wide pass as through an open door. If one cares to meditate on his feet, as Wordsworth did, no study could be more secluded or inspiring than this level way across the slope of the mountain.

Meantime the murmur of the waters grows louder, for the path has forsaken the hill and winds obscurely down among the trees and bushes to the swift stream which carries the overflow of Grasmere into Rydal mere. The rains have swollen the stream into a flood, and the foot-bridge barely escapes the sweep of the current. And now one may take three roads back to Grasmere: the old, rough road over the hills, which Wordsworth knew so well in those golden days of the young imagination, when the poet and his devoted sister were newly come into this region, and Coleridge was their frequent visitor, and there were hours of wonderful talk along this very highway—the road which Dr. Arnold used to call Old Corruption; or the road which runs lower, but is still high and secluded, which he called Bit by Bit Reform; or the splendid bit of highway along the margin of the lake, known to all visitors by coach, detested by the poet, and called by Dr. Arnold Radical Reform.

This highway one instinctively avoids, climbs the hill, and loiters rather than walks, that he may drink in the wild beauty of the landscape now that the last level rays of the sun are lighting up the Vale, and touching rolling mist and retreating cloud with elusive loveliness or somber splendor. And here at last is the ancient Wishing Gate, enriched and mutilated with countless initials; dear in the simple tradition and superstition of the olden time, and imperishable in the verse of the poet who loved it well. The glory of the sunset is on the Vale and in the depths of the hills. It is no time for speech; but what thoughts come with it, what memories, what dreams and hopes!

Grasmere.

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Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, and now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.—*Burke.*

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Professor Adolph Wagner, the Economist

By A. F. Weber

"WIE lange haben Sie Nationalœkonomie getrieben?"

This was the first question asked us by Professor Adolph Wagner, the leading economist of Germany, when another American student and I called at his house in Lessingstrasse, near the northern part of the beautiful Thiergarten of Berlin, and sought permission to join the distinguished scholar's *seminar* in political economy. On being ushered into his library, we looked about us with reverence, for we were in the actual workshop of a man whose writings have influenced the thought of a generation of Germans, and Americans as well. There are really few of the teachers who to-day adorn chairs of economics in the leading universities of the United States who have not sat under Wagner. For the professor is now sixty-two years old, and is completing his fortieth year as a teacher. Indeed, he has been a professor at Berlin University since 1870—a year that antedates the birth-years of the present generation of American students who flock to the great German university.

The library was comfortably but not luxuriously furnished; books being naturally the chief articles of adornment. The longest wall of the room was fairly hidden with these apparati of the scholar, which were piled, shelf upon shelf, almost to the ceiling. These were the tomes that had furnished facts and inspiration for the master, whose extensive writings fill three closely printed pages of the "Handwörterbüch der Staatswissenschaften" with their titles alone!

The surroundings betokened the scholar and investigator. Nor was the central figure of the picture wanting, for at his writing-desk sat the master himself, a perfect type of the German university professor and scholar. Spectacled, carelessly dressed, slightly stoop-shouldered, with massive forehead, gray locks below the skull-cap that covered a nearly bald head—these were the accompaniments of a scholar's life. As he came forward to greet us, we observed a peculiarly individual characteristic—the well-known Wagnerian scowl. It is not that Professor Wagner is cross-tempered, but that a life of close study, of thought and responsibility, has wrinkled the skin between and over the eyes.

"How long had I studied political economy?" "How long had I been at Berlin?" "What courses had I taken?" The last question was embarrassing, as I had been studying at Berlin the preceding semester, but had taken none of Wagner's "heavy" courses.

My only reply was that I had made myself familiar with his theories by reading his text-book, which, indeed, contains most of the matter of his lectures. He passed over that with the remark that I did not need to come to Germany to read his books, and asked me why I had not taken his course on finance. Now, finance, or the science of taxation and public expenditures, is Professor Wagner's specialty. He is publishing the most comprehensive treatise on this subject in any language; so complete and encyclopædic is it that, with all his years of research, he has finished only three of the five or six volumes. Nevertheless, I had had a good reason for not attending his lectures on finance. I had already taken an equivalent course at an American university, given by a young Professor who may not have possessed Wagner's encyclopædic knowledge, but who had studied under Wagner and knew his theory, and could, moreover, present the subject in a more lucid form than the obscure style of the great German. Wagner's theories of taxation have not greatly impressed economists, anyway; and as to his facts, the average student would prefer to take them out of his printed works rather than hunt them up in written notes. On the whole, therefore, I had preferred to pass by Wagner's course on finance, and take Paulsen's Philosophy of Law.

When I replied to the Professor that I had studied finance in America, and did not desire to continue with it in Germany, he was not at all satisfied. "Too specialized!" said he; "why, we Germans do not find it 'special' enough. The fault I have to find with you Americans is that you are all too narrow. I have noticed that my American students always neglect the courses that deal with details. You do not spread out enough." Part of this is true as regards the department of economic science. There are, for instance, few Americans who care to spend their time in working up the industrial history of Brandenburg and Prussia, or mediæval agricul-

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tural systems. What they chiefly desire is to gather inspiration from all the leading professors in their faculty, and to pursue some special line of work in which they expect to teach at home. They are thus led, on the one hand, to cover a wide range of general topics—the economic student attending some of the lectures of the noted professors in ethics, public law, politics, history, etc.—and, on the other, to study up some such subject as population, statistics, labor organizations, banks, railway management, etc. But what Professor Wagner overlooks is the fact that the American Bachelor of Arts is *ready* for such specialization when he goes to Germany.

It was, therefore, of little avail that I urged my American university training in finance as being sufficient for my needs; Professor Wagner, too, evidently had little respect for American scholarship—at least in this direction. He went on to laud the advance made in the science of finance by Germans. The only rivals of the Germans in this science, to his mind, were the French, and the French were years behind German thought. "The attitude of —— —— [naming a leading French writer on finance] was reached a hundred years ago by German science." It was delightful to listen to the impassioned speaker as he gave himself up to his pride and admiration of "deutsche Wissenschaft." Our only regret was that Professor Wagner had never listened to one of Professor Dunbar's lectures on finance at Harvard, and that these invaluable lectures have never been printed. As to the future, American students are confident that German thought in the science of finance will some day be modified by contact with the writings of our younger economists, like Professors Seligman, of Columbia, H. C. Adams, of Ann Arbor, and Miller, of Chicago.

Having freed his mind, Professor Wagner took our registration books (Anmeldungsbücher) and signed his name opposite our entries of the *seminar*, which we had previously made in confidence that his hospitality would admit us.

In the *seminar* Professor Wagner shines more brilliantly than in the lecture-room. He is a man of striking personality, and also of easy speech, so that he makes as stirring a "stump speaker" as can be found in Berlin. I have attended banquets at which his extemporaneous remarks were as keen and witty as those of our best after-dinner speakers. As may be imagined, his *seminar*, where he weekly meets thirty or forty advanced students engaged in original research, gives full play to his personality. His suggestions, criticism, or comments on the essay presented for discussion are exceedingly stimulating, coming at any moment and in any form.

But in the lecture-room, where he is confined to his notes, Professor Wagner becomes dry and uninteresting. His style is of the most complex and obscure German pattern, and is exasperatingly logical in its minutest details. The paragraphs are arranged like the steps of a mathematical demonstration, beginning with the capital letters A, B, C, etc., and thence proceeding through the series I., II., III., etc.; 1, 2, 3, etc.; a, b, c, etc.; α, β, γ, etc.; (1), (2), (3), etc.; so that one's mind loses the thought in keeping trace of the sequence. Wagner is, moreover, but a perfunctory reader, and hurries through his lecture as if it were all a waste of time, anyhow. But on rare occasions, when his feelings are aroused, he quits the monotone of his usual reading and becomes again the man, the living speaker, whose tone of conviction sends a thrill through the drowsy audience.

I recall one of these awakenings in a lecture on "Money." He had reached the question of standards, and was referring to the discussions of international bimetallism. His position on the money question, it may be remarked, is quite similar to that occupied by the lamented General Francis A. Walker; that is, he favors an international union, England's adhesion being a *sine qua non*, for the maintenance of a joint standard. But Professor Wagner sees little probability of England's participating in bimetallism, and therefore urges the full adoption of the gold standard by Germany in place of the present "limping" standard, with its large stock of silver coin. Now, the monometallist party in Germany contains some men of rather narrow vision, especially the journalists, who are as bitter in their misrepresentations of the other side of the controversy as is a certain portion of the "gold" press of the United States. Their contentions have been carried on with so much unfairness and unscrupulousness that the ire of a lover of truth could not but be aroused. Professor Wagner's denunciation of their tactics was very severe, and he became so excited that he forgot his notes, and during the remainder of the lecture scarcely referred to them. That lecture was a real inspiration. He did not stop at the end of the first hour for the usual recess (it

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was a two-hour lecture), but spoke right on, in clear, crisp sentences that betrayed no resemblance at all to the involved structure of his written pages. Not a student availed himself of his privilege to withdraw from the room at the end of the first hour, and none regretted the loss of the recess.

The general attitude of Professor Wagner on social questions is one that he emphasizes constantly, and it is therefore familiar to many readers on two continents. Revolutionary Socialism he of course condemns outright, but he believes in giving genuine Socialism—that is, the gradual extension of the State's activity—a respectful hearing at the bar of economic science. Because it would be folly for the State to nationalize the land and all means of production, it does not follow that every proposal for State control and State management is to be *a priori* thrown out of court without a hearing. The post-office is socialized in every country on the globe; the telegraph in every large country except the United States; the railway in Continental Europe and Australia. It is therefore absurd to lay down a general rule that *all* industries *must* be left in the hands of individuals. As a German, Wagner naturally goes further in the direction of State activity than do those Americans whose general attitude is similar to his; for the Germans are used to a paternal government, which has developed great efficiency in administering industries elsewhere better conducted by private citizens. But Katheder-Sozialismus (Socialism of the Chair) is found in every country to-day. In one sense "we are all Socialists," as Sir William Harcourt declared a few years ago.

Sunset

By Charles M. Skinner

I HAVE among my innumerous earthly ownings a piece of opal; only a specimen, not a gem, but a royal stone. Its charm, to nearly all who see it, is in its suggestion. It is a dream of lambent color; rainbows glow on its face and drift across when it is moved; fires burning in spaces that mathematics may disprove, but that lie a mile below the stone, shine upward eerily and break in flame-flowers; now it is a splendor of red—the deep, pure, vibrant red of the prism; now it lightens to orange; then a tender blue, like June skies, shoaling into turquoise, is seamed with gold; now it shines green, like moss in sunlight, with purples misting at the edge; in one light it sets you a-dreaming of pools and sedges; in another, of the sunset. In this last quality I find its best account. When rain cries against the windows, when a starless night is brooding, when dog-days sour the earth and air to yellow-gray, and the sun is a shield of brass, I have but to look on this, and the mother colors of the universe are alive again. And it is sky that gives us the most and best. Try to conceive the earth without it. Horrible and impossible! We associate calamity with shadow; we recoil at the thought of a Vesuvius belching hot, palpable blackness on Pompeii; we shudder at the fantasies of Dante and Doré; when we thread the labyrinths of Luray and Mammoth Cave, the pulse rises at the thought of a fall and losing of our candles; blindness is the most lamentable affliction. Light! That is life. And color, which is light broken to its particles, carpets the earth and hangs the heavens with proofs of life. My opal is a joy because so many sunsets abide in it.

Yet why do we desire opals, which cost money, when all they hold is ours without even the asking? Just look up, and let your starved eyes revel in the pageant. We may know instants of heavenly solitude even at the corners, when we look up at the sunset or the green twilight, cool, far, pure, full of mystery and invitation. Sunsets are precious because they are brief. We could not endure them constantly. Nature does not like the exceeding and superlative, but prefers an average; and this holds with nature in men, likewise; for not only is there a law of choice that brings together opposites of height, bulk, complexion, temperament, but of mind and tendency. So the unschooled wed those who can be only wives and husbands, not companions, and evolution has an offset; but the calm, sane average is secured in the progeny. Dwarfs, giants, monsters, are rebels to law. Still, we may not say in how far nature violates her own law, or how often her freaks are conformities. Her forms may displease us, but seldom her color; though that is a paradox, for if there were no color to define it we should see no form. That without color is as

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impossible as form without dimension; so we can reduce our seeing to one thing—color.

And what colors flash upon you at odd moments! It is late afternoon in summer, and the salt marsh is gorgeous with a tone of orange. Where is the courage to dare the New Jersey marshes, to find their treasures?—for surely this is the shine of gold. As the day grows the thunder-heads in the east become billows of pink. Thin, combed cirri brighten into sight, to be lost again as the world's shadow flows over them. Now begins beauty, rich, vast, serious, romantic, flooding the earth with ruddy tints as the light strikes through these oriels of vapor. Behold the cirro-stratus taking on its oranges and crimsons, kindling at lakes of molten gold. Now there is an upset fire in the sky; a scarlet rain; and the lean moon is foreign. Such grandeurs, pleasures, profits, cannot last. They would cease to be such if they did. Drop your tools and pens and cares, and share them when they offer. They are bits of heaven you are sure of.

This power of sunset is not merely the power of beauty, rare and precious as that is; it is the power of freedom that it gives to the beholder—the compulsion to enter great spaces. I have walked westward behind laborers in the evening and have seen that they were affected, pleased, calmed by this opening of heaven's gates at nightfall. But they are not given to fretting, anyway. If only we had not taken on this habit of caring for the morrow! If only we could be saved from thinking upon our stomachs, our rent, and possibly our sins, what liberty we might enjoy! We are but little people, after all; for a man is a measure. There is in him just so much room, no more. If he troubles about the morrow, he loses peace now.

And if he is occupied with self, others cannot share him. Nature crowds out race affiliations from her truest lovers, though the background and ultimate of our thought is always human. Thoreau is the arch type of man willfully immersed in nature; yet he wrote for men. Still, the social tendency, inevitable as it is, desirable as a preservative, is an animal impulse. Look at the people who are striving, blindly, to absorb vitality from mobs. The denser the mob, the more animal it becomes. Its spiritual faculties lack room to breathe, and quiet to be heard. Even away from it the man must be wary of taking its goods and its beliefs. A man's accretions, moral, mental, material, confine as often as they liberate him. Nor can he be satisfied with them when he finds that the world and men are changing. Don't lament the passing of good things and the decay of art. Make room. The living have needs. Besides, the world has more than it sees or uses.

But peace to all problems, and go out of doors. Look up. Things splendid, lovely, common, and grotesque offer to our vision in the sky, as they do in the survey of our kind. More changeful than the sea, more tender in color than the earth, more diverse than the most audacious inventions of painters and poets, is that vast blueness, with its hourly panorama of vapors. Folks like to see in clouds the shapes that people fairy tales—giants, dragons, devils, monsters; and the mind of middle age is stirred when an angel soars from the south with a wing-span ten miles long, and wields a scepter of sunset fire; yet how many of the wind-tossed masses up there float or rage unnoticed, because we are not Turners, and cannot liken them to anything, so as to bring them within a narrowly human point of view! This largeness and seeming indifference of theirs to us down here ought to make us modest in their presence, though it is only when they spit fire at us that we are humble. When you feel that you are beginning to know them a little, they are kind, as the woods and hills are kind. They wait only a message, and answer it softly. Things so delicate, so spiritual, so beautiful as clouds can have no harsh meanings. See how they sleep. It is as gentle as the sleep of flocks. All day they have teemed in the blue, swelling, hurrying, spreading, gathering here, giving there, cooling the hot earth with rain and shadow; but as they veer away from the sun (the earth, hurrying never so fast, still taking its air with it), they fold themselves and stretch along cool beds of air, to rest until they are whirled twelve thousand miles into the light again. Upright lines and tendencies stimulate; levels make repose. Mountains lead the eye up, until the brain reels at the thought of them, so far out of man's reach, so unsullied by his work; yet the same distance measured flat along a plain gives a sense of security and foothold. The emotions created by Alps and by Holland meadows are repeated when we look at tall thunder-heads climbing out of the west, and when we see their remnants, squeezed of moisture, lightened, harmless, unroll in flat lines and pay out purple leagues against the sunset.

I suppose clouds tend to grow thin after

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dark because the night side of the earth does not radiate heat enough to lift those mountain bulks of cumulus that overspread us on summer afternoons. It is a fact that in the warmest hours they rise the highest. If you watch the advance of evening quiet from town, the rose-colored steam that fizzes over the roofs and catches the last sunlight is in contrast with the order and settled aspect of the clouds. Later the situation may change, and anything is possible in the skyscape. I recall one strange feat of light and vapor that I saw while walking across Brooklyn Bridge on a sharp December night at eleven o'clock. The moon, half full, had risen, red and metallic, but when it was an hour high it had become gold, and was riding into plumes of vapor, far and pale. Through these plumes it shot an upright radiance to the top of the sky, and this bar fell five or six degrees below it, too. Another shaft ran from it north and south, so that the moon was the center of a cross; and at the ends of the arms, or a little beyond, were "moon dogs," pallid ghosts of the luminary itself, the southern dog showing a rainbow effect on the side toward the moon. The parhelia—pretty bad Greek; would paramenia do?—lasted for half an hour or so, and were swallowed by an indriving cloud filled with snow. From the lonely bridge the sight was memorable, for the great cities lay black, though pricked by thousands of lights, and underneath the river rolled its miles of melted silver.

Freaks, too; you may see them. One evening the northern sky was filled with large white fish-hooks—pieces of cirrus with the ends blown back. A cloud made a ragged ring, like that blown by smokers and locomotives. A moon, two-thirds full, suggesting a long face, wore a pair of mauve whiskers, and light drooled from its chin into vapor beneath it. But such pranks emphasize the usual dignity and charm of the sky. It is a rare hour when you can sprawl face upward on the roof or the shaded turf and see the cloud-curtains swing, two miles over you. At that height they are not rain-curtains; they are not going to fall, if the hooks give way, and smother you. They are the whitest and daintiest of lace, often with a pattern running through them, and they move slowly as they hang from the fretted ceiling of cirro-cumuli when a sleepy summer breeze fans them and stirs their fringes. It is hard to realize that the topmost clouds, six or seven miles overhead, are flowing across the blue at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, but they are.

Kites have flown nearly two miles above the earth; men have climbed four miles; balloons have risen with men nearly seven miles, and without them, nine; yet how easily the fancy swims up past them all, unchilled in the weak air so far from the comfortable earth, unscared by the black spaces that open behind the blue, untired of wing, unstrained of sight, and floats on cloud-cars of gold and silver, ivory and pearl, ruby and rose-leaf, amethyst and opal!

Nor need you tax your fancy, for pictures and splendors are there for the looking. When the earth tires you, try the sky. New Yorkers are a self-satisfied people, but they must admit that their water-front is commercial and uninspiring. There are no great docks, no broad drives, no esplanades, no hotels fronting on the rivers, no galleries or kiosks, nor any of the benefits that European cities are quick to create or secure. The great bridge, that might have offered a free view from end to end, and been a thing of beauty in itself, has been suborned to the service of Mammon, and smoke, crowd, racket, and decay beset the water edge. There used to be a charming little park at the end of the city, known as the Battery, but malevolent aliens gave away so much of it, when they were in power, to steamboat companies, bath-owners, news makers and dealers, a railroad corporation, and the National Government, that the room and the outlook have sadly shrunk.

But, commonplace as New York is from the water, it had a background the other night that made it wonderful, and was an instant revelation of what the city lacks—namely, mountains. Unless you have seen hills behind it, you cannot realize the wondrous change they work. In spite of its tall buildings, which have the grace of heaped-up packing-boxes, the town is flat, and there is nothing to lead the eye to a height of more than three or four hundred feet. On this specific evening, however, an Alaskan headland, which the dust and smoke had hitherto concealed, was couched along the north, about thirty miles beyond the city. It was a vast, rocky mass, seven thousand feet in height, of a dull purple, save where juts and buttresses caught the sun; and while it was nearly flat on the top, where it ran off into Connecticut, it broke down suddenly at its western end, and sheered into the Hudson. This cape was

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crested with snow that glowed—a true Alpenblick—in the late light. Some miles of these snows were burning with the loveliest pink, as if the rays had filtered through a ruby. It was sublime; it was affectingly beautiful; and the eye felt with wonder the fitting part that New York played in the spectacle. Nature had absorbed it, yet its place in the composition had a reciprocal value. Its bristling masts and chimneys, its blocky houses, its level piers, made a contrast with the noble and fluent lines of the mountain, and its browns and grays gave force to the foreground, therein offsetting the floral colors among the rocks and snows. If New York could wear that crown of splendor, no city in the world would seem so fair, when we drew away to landscape distance from it; but, alas! the vision was too heavenly to endure. The mountain was a cloud, and it is gone now—gone with a thousand other beauties. But, while we shall never see it again, other chains of peaks, other snowy heights, are rising, ever and anon, telling us, down here, of the splendors they endure, by borrowing from those glories.

Therefore, watch. For heaven is not far, and the sight of it, though it comes as we plod the street, kindles answering beams of hope, of joy, of love, of wonder, in our souls. How poor the richest are if they cannot use their wealth! What riches fall to the poorest if they will lift their hands and eyes to take them from the sky!

How a Famous Poem was Written

By Max B. Thrasher

I HEARD Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, not long ago, tell how she came to write her famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic." She looked so beautiful when doing so, and the story was so interesting, that I have thought others may be interested in it.

It was on the 19th of April, the anniversary of the Revolutionary fight at Concord, Mass., and Mrs. Howe had consented to assist at a celebration given in the famous old First Parish Meeting-House at Concord, the building in which the first provincial Congress of Massachusetts met, and in which the patriots Hancock and Adams spoke. A big National flag had been thrown over the high pulpit. Mrs. Howe stood before this, and on each side of her were huge pots of Easter lilies in bloom. With her sweet face and snow-white hair she made a beautiful picture in this setting, and the flowers seemed to have a special significance when she repeated the closing lines of the hymn:

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

"It was during the second year of the war," said Mrs. Howe, "that I had gone to Washington with my husband and my pastor, the Rev. James Freeman Clark. I had wished so many times that I could do something for my country, but the way seemed closed. My husband was too old and ill to go; my son was only a boy. My children were so young that I could not leave my home for long, myself. While we were in Washington there was to be a great review of the troops across the river. We drove out to see it. While this review was in progress there was a dash made against some of our troops by the enemy. It was repulsed, but the further progress of the display was abandoned and the troops came thronging back to Washington, and we with them.

"The progress of our carriage was very slow, the roads were so crowded with the soldiers. To encourage the men we began singing various songs and hymns, and they would join in the chorus. After we had sung 'John Brown's Body,' Dr. Clark turned and asked me why I did not write some new words for that music. I said that I had tried several times, but never could seem to write any good enough.

"The next morning, just about four o'clock, I woke suddenly. As I lay there in bed the words of the hymn began to form themselves in my mind. I got up, and by the faint light of the early morning scrawled them on a piece of paper, and then went back to bed and sound asleep again.

"That is the way the hymn was written. I tell the story to-day that any who hears it may see that if we really want to do a thing which is right for us to do, God will open a way,

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though not perhaps the one we looked for. I could not help my country as I wanted to, but He gave it to me to write this hymn."

One other incident connected with Mrs. Howe and this hymn has come under my observation, which I have always thought interesting. Every one will remember the inspiring swing of the first lines:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword.
His truth is marching on.

At the time when President Cleveland sent out his Venezuela Proclamation I was asked, in connection with the work which I was doing for one of the Boston papers, to collect the opinions of some prominent Boston women on that subject. Mrs. Howe was named first.

When I went to her house on Beacon Street, about six o'clock, I found that she had just come in, tired out, from some of the many meetings at which she is always in such demand. When I told her my errand, she said, "You really must excuse me. I am very tired, and, besides, I have been so busy that I must confess I have not yet read the proclamation." I said that I knew the editor would be very sorry, because he had said to me that he was particularly anxious to have Mrs. Howe's opinion on account of her being the author of the "Battle Hymn."

The mention of that hymn to her was like water to a man dying from thirst. She sat erect, and her eyes shone. "How much time will you give?" she asked. I said any length which suited her. "Well," said she, "you come back at nine o'clock, and I will have had the paper read to me by that time, and be ready to give an intelligent expression of opinion."

Which she did.

Mrs. Howe's winter home on Beacon Street, here in Boston, is, as one might imagine, filled with interesting mementos of her long and busy life. One thing which impressed me is the helmet which Byron wore during his Greek campaign. Dr. Howe became greatly interested in the Greeks' cause at the time of their struggle for freedom, and went from this country there. He came to know Byron well, and after the death of the latter the helmet came into his possession, and has ever since been treasured by the family.

The helmet is of bronze, beautifully engraved. I have been allowed to put it on, and as I did so and closed my eyes, I imagined I could hear far off, as one hears the music of the sea in a shell, the sound of clashing arms and exhortations to be brave.

The American Voice

By Kathryn Leavitt Bissell

POETS and prose writers through all the ages have sounded the praises of the speaking voice, delighting in its power, beauty, and sweetness. The artistic, susceptible nature of the ancient Greeks taught them to cultivate and cherish the spoken language and to estimate its power beyond that of the written language. The speaking voice was trained and guarded from earliest infancy.

Yet to-day, in the closing years of the nineteenth century, the most progressive nation on the earth's surface permits itself to be branded the country of disagreeable voices. The youth of America is never taught to love, reverence, and guard our spoken language. The home, school, college, university, platform, and pulpit are permitted to fill the land with nerve-tiring voices and language bereft of its beauty and power.

Physiology teaches us the sensitiveness of the nervous system, and physicians the supersensitiveness of the average American's nervous system. Consider, then, the amount of unnecessary wear and tear upon that system when each sound-wave set in motion by the voice causes an unpleasant sensation on the part of the hearer. Tone, properly emitted, is healthful and strengthening to the physical nature of the tone-producer. Wasp waists, cramped chests, diseases of the lungs, bronchial tubes, and throat, may disappear with the knowledge of healthful tone-production, in which the muscles utilized are those fitted to perform their labor, and relief is thereby given to the strained, misused, weaker muscles.

Unused faculties, in time, lose their power of action. The American mind is losing the power to acquire knowledge through the ear. Eliminate all pleasure and delight from hear-

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ing speech, and the mind, as a receptive organ, is dulled, and turns to the more pleasurable means of acquiring knowledge, through the eye. Oral reading, the means of conveying to another thought and sensation, written or printed, may almost be termed a lost art, so completely has the pleasure to the hearer disappeared. Yet I assert boldly, it is within the reach of every normal person to read correctly and understandingly and give pleasure to the hearer. Conversation is pleasurable to the listener, not alone when the thoughts are clothed in delightful, expressive language, but when that language is delightfully and expressively voiced. Poetry, the most elevating and refining form of literature, never reaches its full expression, its richest beauties are never known, until interpreted by the human voice. Yet the average American is ignorant of the power to receive or give this pleasure, when it should be within the reach of all.

Science claims the hour. The century closes with a record of marvelous advancement in this direction. From infancy onward instruction is given in the natural sciences. Why is the science of the human voice omitted? Can anything in nature be grander than that organ of communication between man and man, or better worthy of being studied?

Valuable time is spent by our learned men and women in determining the power of attraction and repulsion in the natural world, yet comparatively few have labored to determine the causes of the same power in the human voice, though many have experienced the effects. The man or woman who has a clear, distinct, well-modulated, and expressive voice is rendered independent of beauty of form or face in the power to attract. Such a voice is within the reach of all. Young débutante in society, may not this mean more to you as a study than the smattering of music you may acquire?

The voice of the American child of to-day contrasts unfavorably with that of other nationalities, and why? Aside from the influences of heredity, climate, and the tension of life in this country, the influence of imitation upon the child's voice cannot be overestimated. This influence begins with the first word the infant utters, which is an imitation of mother, nurse, or other companion, in form and tone. Yet how many of our cultured men or women are fitted thus by example to instruct the child during the formative period in the expression of the impressions received? Many children are being taught the sounds of our language by those who do not know the correct form or sound of the letters which are the component parts of that speech which is to be the oral means of communicating thought through the years to come. The muscles of the jaw, tongue, and lips, in many instances, are never taught their most important office in the formation of words, but are allowed to become stiff and useless. Defects in the enunciation of certain letters develop; through ignorance the homekeeper fails to teach the simple form and sound of the letter, which the child is ready to imitate when presented in its simplicity; therefore the defect continues, and appears in every sentence the child utters. Monotony of speech forms the basis of many nerve-tiring voices and much of our poor reading, and should be corrected when it first appears in the child. Here, again, through ignorance, the exemplar is unable to correct the faults as they appear. Disagreeably harsh, disagreeably shrill tones, and undue loudness of voice are tolerated; but if corrected by simply telling the child to speak lower, without carefully guarding and teaching the principles before mentioned, the result will be injurious to correct speech.

With vocal expression thus clogged by ignorance in the home, the child goes forth to the school. The conditions there are, many times, even worse. The teacher, placed before the child to imitate, irritates the already tingling nerves by a harsh, rasping, monotonous voice, or by screaming the words which through imperfect enunciation were unintelligible to him. The example is again imitated. The child's uncorrected faults in speech are aggravated when reading is attempted, and he endeavors to convey the thoughts of others through the already misused medium. The ear dulled to the correct sound of voice and speech fails to perform its function. Through lack of training and poor example the faults developed in the home become habits of speech.

The colleges and universities, with few exceptions, ignore the bad condition of the student when he attempts to utter thought through vocal expression, deeming the subject beneath their notice, and not worthy a place in their curriculum. The mind of the student grows and develops until capable of large, lofty, noble, and inspiring ideas, which must ever be imprisoned in the man, or given to the world through other medium than that

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of the human voice—that wonderful instrument which can sound the depth and scale the height of all human emotions; that instrument which guides struggling humanity to paths of pleasantness and peace, and may be the messenger of joy and happiness. The university man and woman go forth into the world deprived of that which is their birthright, forced to pass their existence without this powerful factor of success in every walk of life.

Men and women of learning and scientific research, how can you afford to stand before a cultured audience and show, in every word, your ignorance of this powerful factor of repulsion and attraction among men and women in their social intercourse? Many ministers in our churches would find their power and influence greatly increased were they able to read the Bible and the hymns to their people with nice articulation and just vocal expression. In the theological seminary, were more time given to the study of interpretation through the voice, better results might be obtained, even though some of the students were only prepared to follow the example of Sir Roger de Coverley's minister, and read understandingly to their congregations the sermons of great men.

What is the practical remedy that can be applied to this growing evil? Instruct the teachers in the schools. A cry will immediately arise, "We are overworked now, and can learn nothing new." Then why are our teachers' training-schools permitted to send out each year hundreds of teachers ignorant of this important subject? Is any branch of learning of more importance than this which teaches the fundamental principles of voice? The teacher is placed in a large room or gymnasium with twenty-five to seventy-five pupils to instruct, through the medium of the voice, for three to five hours five days in the week. She is ignorant of the use of the muscles necessary to project the tone through the desired space; she only knows that she must speak to be heard. She directs the class—one-third hear the direction; she speaks again, higher this time—still some fail to hear or to understand the words; the third time she pitches her voice as high as possible, strains all the muscles of her throat, and screams her direction. This tone she continues to use until the last pupil has gone; then follows the necessary exhaustion, the body rebelling against such ill treatment. Knowledge of tone-production and enunciation would have made the heavy, killing burden light and strengthening. Reading is a representation of speech; therefore, if the principles of speech are properly taught, reading must be benefited thereby; and among the first principles of speech are nice articulation and correct pronunciation, with appropriate tones in voice. The weary, overworked teacher, by a just practice of these principles, would find health and strength and pleasure in her power to develop the imperfect voices under her charge.

If the presidents and principals of our colleges and schools could be thoroughly aroused to the injury they are inflicting upon students and our Nation by permitting the ignorance upon this subject to continue, then we might hope for better conditions. When the pupils in our schools are taught the value of good speech and how to acquire the same, the scope and power of the human voice, and to read aloud understandingly, then we may look for a change in the home circle. Fathers and mothers will know how to train and guide the voice and speech in the home, what to demand in the teaching of the school, and when the child is being well taught. The student will know when he is being correctly guided in the development of his power of vocal expression, and will not tolerate weak, imitative training. The lecturer will not stand before his audience and be forced to apologize for lack of power to make his voice heard, for lack of the knowledge to make clear the meaning in reading. The minister will be relieved of the burden of inattention during the reading of the Bible and hymns, and of the painful knowledge that he is not conveying the thought which he has labored to present through the pages of his sermon.

May the day be not far distant when the entrance examinations to our schools, colleges, universities, and seminaries shall include a thorough oral examination in speech and reading; when training in vocal expression shall be as much a part of the curriculum as mathematics and the sciences.

Our language is called harsh, unmusical, and inexpressive; this is owing to our ignorance in presenting its beauties of tone and modulation. Why can we not arouse a love for preserving the purity, beauty, and strength of the language whose words contain the history of our Nation and people, as we arouse patriotism for our country and enthusiasm for our flag?

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Books and Authors

The Apostolic Age [1]

The fact that a field has been worked over a great many times, and by a great many and able authors, does not prevent a fresh mind from bringing a fresh harvest out of it; this Dr. McGiffert has demonstrated anew. The history of the primitive Church has been written over and over again; many and able are the predecessors of Dr. McGiffert in this field. Conybeare and Howson, Lewin, Farrar, Renan, Pressensé, Milman, Ramsay, Weizacker, and a host of others have studied the original sources and acted as interpreters of them to the public. None the less has Dr. McGiffert made a valuable and permanent contribution to our understanding of this formative period of the Christian Church.

One pre-eminent qualification he possesses in a pre-eminent degree. He writes simply as an interpreter, and without any apparent endeavor to act as a defender or apologist for either the doctrines or institutions of the Church of the Apostolic age. We are persuaded that the dogma of Apostolic infallibility has operated to prevent the world from understanding the Apostles. The interpreter, starting out with the assumption that the religious teachers of that age were infallible, has been required by his hypothesis so to interpret them that they should agree with and confirm one another. He has been compelled to show that Paul agreed with the synoptic Evangelists, and that both agreed in their interpretation of the Gospel with John and Peter. Perhaps they do so agree; whether they do is not here in question; but it is evident that an interpreter who starts out with this assumption is not free to take their various utterances in their most natural sense—that he is impelled, if not compelled, to modify their meaning where they appear to differ, and so show an agreement. But this is not all. The interpreter must also, of course, believe that his own theological views are true, or he could not hold them—that is, they would not be his. He is therefore impelled to show that the various writers whom he is undertaking to interpret are in agreement with him. He has, by his very hypothesis of their infallibility, no freedom to criticise them or to interpret them in any manner foreign to his own preconceptions—unless, indeed, he has that rare humility of mind which would make him quite ready to abandon those preconceptions the instant they appear to be contradicted by the writer whom he is interpreting. As a result, we are assured by scholars of equal authority that the Apostles were sacramentarians, and that they were wholly indifferent to all ceremonials; that they founded the Church on the Bishopric, and that they were Independents; that they were Calvinists, and that they were Arminians; that they clearly taught the doctrine of the Trinity, and that no trace of the Trinity is to be found in their writings. No wonder that, as a result, some men who have read theological interpretations a little, but the New Testament still less, conclude that the latter is a mass of contradictions, and that *nothing certain can be deduced from it.*

It would be too much to claim for Dr. McGiffert that he approaches the New Testament writings without any prepossessions; but he certainly does not, either directly or indirectly, assume their infallibility. He makes no attempt to conform them either to his ecclesiastical or to his theological ideas; nor does he even attempt to reconcile them with one another. The only lingering influence of the old school which we find in his pages is his endeavor to show, or at least his general assumption, that Paul is always consistent with himself. Paul was not a philosopher, but an orator; and the true orator, though he may be always consistent in his great aims, never is consistent in his phrasing of truth, since in that phrasing he always adapts himself to the prejudices of the auditors whom he wishes to bring to his way of thought and life.

The Christianity of the Apostolic age may be regarded under four aspects: the Christianity of Jesus Christ; that of John; that of the Jewish-Christian Church; and that of Paul. It is in the interpretation of Paul that the value of Dr. McGiffert's volume appears to us chiefly to lie. His interpretation of Jewish Christianity agrees substantially with that of his predecessors, and is chiefly valuable as a compact summary of views, the correctness of which we do not question, but with which the Church is already familiar.

[1] *A History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age.* By Arthur Cushman McGiffert, D.D., Washburn Professor of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Being the fifth volume in the International Theological Library. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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Of the peculiar teaching of John he has very little to say, and that little rather by way of comparison with the teaching of Paul. His treatment of the teachings of Jesus appears to us to lack vigor and clearness. He writes on this theme very briefly, and as one might who had not made a final study of the subject and had not yet reached final conclusions. There are, however, three very serious difficulties which beset the interpreter of the teachings of Jesus. In the first place, he is the interpreter of interpreters; for we have not a line which Jesus ever wrote, and must therefore interpret his sayings as they are interpreted to us by different writers, whose point of view was certainly in some respects different. In the second place, we have to recognize—at least this is our opinion—the fact that the growth in knowledge of which Luke speaks, did not cease at the baptism of Jesus; that there was a distinct growth in his consciousness of his character and his mission, between his first preaching that the kingdom of heaven is at hand, and his final declaration before Caiaphas that he was the Son of God and the Messiah of the world. And, thirdly, *any* interpretation of him as a teacher is quite inadequate. He came, as he declared of himself, to bring life into the world; and although it is necessary to be constantly endeavoring to interpret that life in the terms of thought, the attempt never can be satisfactorily accomplished.

It is in his interpretation of the teachings of Paul, or, as he felicitously terms it, "the Christianity of Paul," that Dr. McGiffert has rendered his greatest service to the Church of our time; and it is a very great one. Paul has been overlaid with layer on layer of the scholasticism of the Middle Ages. These layers Dr. McGiffert simply sweeps away, and brings out the great Apostle to the Gentiles as he was in his own personality and his original power. We can compare Dr. McGiffert's work to nothing so aptly as the work of a restorer, who discovers an ancient and noble work of art buried beneath successive layers of plaster in some old cathedral, and removes the plaster and brings back the ancient and forgotten picture to the light; or that of a scholar, who finds, in a palimpsest manuscript, a document of the second century, and by his skill removes the monkish writing which obscures the original, and restores that original and deciphers and translates it. It might almost be said that Dr. McGiffert has rediscovered Paul. As here interpreted, Paul is no mere Christian Rabbinist, no mere player with words, no substituter of one form of legalism for another form of legalism. The whole forensic system of interpretation Dr. McGiffert discards, and shows Paul as the apostle of a new life, the interpreter of a new and spiritual creation, who, if he ever uses the terms of legalism, as he sometimes does, uses them only for the purpose of refuting legalism and bringing in a new and a spiritual life in its place. We believe that the church and the world never stood in greater need of Paul's Gospel than they do to-day; that in the modern reaction from Puritanism, and the pitiful attempt to find something to take its place in sacerdotalism on the one hand and in mere ethical systems on the other, there are repeated, in a different form, conditions somewhat analogous to those which confronted Paul in the first century, with its reaction among the Jews against Pharisaism, and with its decay in Rome of sacerdotalism and the pitiful failure of ethical philosophy to furnish a basis for a moral life or even any national life; and that the greatest need of the American pulpit to-day is to understand the Gospel of Christ as it was understood by Paul, whom modern scholarship is beginning to regard as the first in time as well as the greatest in influence of its primitive interpreters. That Gospel is no new and spiritualized legalism; it is no new phrasing of the law, Be virtuous and you will be happy. It is redemption from the law as well as from sin, and from both far more than from punishment. In promoting the better understanding of this Gospel, as understood by Paul, and in bringing about that revival of true religion for which we look with hope, to follow the bold and consistent preaching of the Gospel, Dr. McGiffert's volume is, we trust, destined to play a large part.

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending September 24. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

RELIGION

Professor John Watson has published a new edition, with considerable additions, of his *Christianity and Idealism*, a book well described by its sub-title, "A Christian Ideal of Life in its Relations to the Greek and Jewish Ideals and to Modern Philosophy." This work was fully reviewed in our columns

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at the time of its first appearance. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Dr. Marcus Dods is one of the most spiritual and suggestive of contemporary writers on religious themes, and the little volume of his short papers which Mr. Thomas Whittaker publishes under the title *How to Become Like Christ* will prove both interesting and helpful to the thoughtful people into whose hands it falls.

Reserving for the present any critical estimate of the value of *The Non-Religion of the Future*, a sociological study translated from the French of M. Guyau (Henry Holt & Co., New York), it must suffice here to indicate the author's point of view, which is that "religion is the outcome of an effort to explain all things—physical, metaphysical, and moral—by analogies drawn from human societies, imaginatively and symbolically considered," and consequently that the real basis of religion, if not its necessary limitation, is purely sociological. The book apparently entirely discards what is termed the supernatural.

HISTORY

Dr. Andrew Stephenson, of De Pauw University, has published an excellent *Syllabus of Lectures on European History*, which will be of great aid to those studying history by the "laboratory method." (The Inland Publishing Company, Terre Haute, Ind.)

The Holy Land in Geography and History, by Mr. Townsend MacCoun, is an instructive work in two small volumes, the size of which is quite out of proportion to the large and well-systematized amount of information therein contained. The maps, both geographical and historical, are especially admirable. (Townsend MacCoun, New York.)

In mentioning here the *Evolution of France under the Third Republic*, by Baron Pierre de Coubertin, translated from the French by Isabel F. Hapgood, it must suffice to say that this is, so far as we know, the first attempt to give a philosophical history of the modern French Republic; that it covers historically the epoch between the dates 1870 and the assassination of President Carnot in 1894; that it is introduced to American readers by Dr. Albert Shaw, who declares of the author that "his characterization of men is remarkably just and felicitous," and that "his study of constitutional modes and parliamentary methods shows a remarkable power of analysis and discrimination." (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

The second volume of the English translation of Professor Ratzel's great work, *The History of Mankind*, describes the indigenous races of America, the arctic races of the Old World, the light stocks of South and Central Africa, and the negro races. Like its predecessor, its scholarship is so exhaustive, its treatment so encyclopædic, and its illustrations so full and so admirably adapted to add vividness to the text, that the volume is a comprehensive sociological laboratory to students of these primitive peoples. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

POLITICS

The Scholar and the State, by Bishop Henry C. Potter, is a collection of addresses and papers delivered or published on various occasions during the last six or seven years, and finding their unity in the exaltation of a nobler citizenship. Bishop Potter does not share Mr. Gladstone's fear that the "culture" of the country may be on the side of political inaction and reaction. With a full heart he calls upon the scholars to assume leadership, and teach rather than learn from the common people. It is not, however, the scholarship which has acquired facts from the study of the past, but that which has acquired insight and inspiration, which is here eulogized. Even finer than these addresses to scholars are two memorial sermons commemorating the lives of Phillips Brooks and A. J. Drexel, and an anniversary address on the battle-field of Gettysburg, entitled "The Heroisms of the Unknown." The volume concludes with a paper on "The Significance of the American Cathedral," which brings out strongly certain democratic ideals which the Bishop cherishes in connection with the cathedral project. Those who sympathize least with the plan taken as a whole will find themselves in cordial agreement with some of Bishop Potter's criticisms of the money-getting expedients to which unendowed churches have felt themselves driven. (The Century Company, New York.)

A Political Primer of New York State and City, by Adèle M. Fielde, furnishes a much-needed text-book for the post-graduate course which every citizen should be compelled by his public spirit to pursue. Inasmuch as it describes the governmental machinery of Greater New York under the new charter, it furnishes a vast amount of information to the best informed among us, and will be one of the handiest of handbooks to all

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who have to deal with or discuss the methods of administration in the metropolis. The text is clean, the maps are clear, and the index puts everything at the reader's command. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

PHILOLOGY

Mr. Charles Woodward Hutson, the author of "The Beginnings of Civilization," has published, through Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, an account of the rise of human speech from simple to complex forms. Of course this of itself would be a field quite sufficient to interest every philologist, but Mr. Hutson's scope in *The Story of Language* is far greater; he also describes the connection between the progress of language and the progress of the human race. The book is, therefore, as much for the general reader as for the student; it ought to provoke both to further investigation.

HISTORY OF LITERATURE

Mr. Donald G. Mitchell has completed his delightful series of "Studies of English Lands, Letters, and Kings," by the publication of a fourth volume, *The Later Georges to Victoria;* a volume which opens with the poets of the Lake Country and closes with Macaulay, Captain Marryat, and G. P. R. James, and which breathes throughout the delightful old-fashioned atmosphere of good manners, good society, and general culture which Ik Marvel always carries with him. The charm of these volumes has been, not their originality, their thoroughness, or their literary insight, but their geniality, their easy acquaintance with the literature they describe and the men they portray, and the power they have of making readers feel the charm of the old writers. It would be difficult to imagine a pleasanter method of introduction to the study of English literature than the reading of these volumes. They hold the door open with such an air that he must be dull of wit who can resist the invitation to enter and become acquainted with the charmed circle within. In their persuasiveness to further acquaintance with the masters of English speech these delightful books will fulfill their highest mission. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Professor L. Oscar Kuhns, of the Wesleyan University, has long been an enthusiastic student and teacher of the "Divine Comedy" and of the other works of Dante. His enthusiasm, intelligence, and insight have been known among all those who have been brought in contact with him, or have had any familiarity with his work. These qualities have now borne their fruit in a substantial volume, in which are incorporated Mr. Cary's translation of the *Divine Comedy* and Dante Gabriel Rossetti's translation of the *New Life*, edited with an introduction revised and furnished with additional notes by Professor Kuhns. The introduction gives a general account and interpretation of Dante, with reference to the conditions of his time, his temperament, his life, and his genius. Mr. Cary's translation has not been revised since 1844, and his notes were therefore very inadequate to the needs of the student of to-day, as well as to those of the general reader. Professor Kuhns has brought them into conformity to modern Dante scholarship, and in a new series of notes has placed the results of that scholarship under the eye of the reader. He has retained Rossetti's notes of the "New Life," but has materially added to them. The volume is supplied with a bibliography made, not for the purpose of furnishing a complete list of all the books about Dante, but to bring to the notice of the student those books which are most important, and which are readily accessible. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

POETRY

Mr. Joseph Le Roy Harrison has chosen a capital collection of college verse which he has published in a volume under the title *With Pipe and Book*. (The Preston & Rounds Company, Providence.)

ESSAYS

Mr. Andrew Lang is prolific in his book output. Last week we chronicled the appearance of his "Modern Mythology." This week's book is on a very different subject. To some it may seem a far cry from mythology to golf; not so, evidently, to our author. The *Batch of Golfing Papers* by Mr. Lang and others we commend to all who play golf—and who does not, nowadays? Socrates, Herodotus, and Dr. Johnson are among the worthies who appear on the links in this book, which has been well edited by Mr. R. Barclay, the Captain of St. Andrew's University Golf Club.

NOVELS AND TALES

Effie Staunton, the heroine of *A Girl of Ten Thousand*, by L. T. Mead (Thomas Whittaker, New York), is a strong, well-balanced character who redeems a wearisome book from absolute stupidity. There is too much talk,

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and there is an absence of dramatic action and episode, in the story.

The stories in the volume entitled '*Toinette*, by Barbara Yechton (Thomas Whittaker, New York), are designed for working-girls. The tales deal with shops, stores, and the incidents due to life in them, and have the limitation of all stories confined to a class and written to teach moral truths to a class.

The Statue in the Air, by Caroline Eaton Le Conte (The Macmillan Company, New York), is a very charmingly written story which may be read either as a tale of the imagination or as an allegory, and will be equally true from either point of view. The writer's charm lies not so much in the original conception which underlies the tale as in her command of a choice and charming style—a style which, although in no sense Greek in tone, has a kind of classic quality, and bears evidence that she has been a student of the best Greek writing.

Lying Prophets, by Eden Phillpotts, is a novel in which the dialect seems the best part, although in construction and character-drawing the story merits attention. (The F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)——*Crooked Paths*, by Francis Allingham, would have been improved by the introduction of some such dialect as that commended above, or by a little more "pepper and salt." There are plenty of moral and religious lessons to be drawn from the book, and we all want to avoid "crooked paths," too; the book will do good, but it might have been written with greater force.

A well-printed and moderate-priced edition of Miss Mulock's greatest novel, *John Halifax, Gentleman* (a book which still attracts deservedly a wide reading), is published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., of New York.——Mr. William Le Queux is much given to highly colored and rather hysterical tales of Far Eastern romance. In the *Eye of Istar* a French clerk becomes a dervish, and revels in magic, treasure-finding, and all sorts of marvels. Poor stuff! (The F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)——Somewhat better, but still far from being on a high literary plane, is Guy Boothby's *Sheilah McLeod*, a sensational tale of Australia and Samoa, with a love story interwoven. (Same publishers.)

SCIENCE

We reserve for later notice *The Dawn of Astronomy*, by Professor Norman Lockyer. (The Macmillan Company, New York.) Students and laymen alike will be profoundly interested in this study of the temple-worship and mythology of the ancient Egyptians.

SCHOOL-BOOKS

Dr. Charles Sears Baldwin, Instructor in Rhetoric at Yale, has published, through Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, a small manual of composition which he entitles *The Expository Paragraph and Sentence*. The little book contains just the elementary instruction necessary for the first term in college. It deals exclusively with expository structure.——Professors Perrin and Seymour, of Yale, have edited *Eight Books of Homer's Odyssey* for the use of schools, and the editing has been capitally done. (Ginn & Co., Boston.) Professor Seymour contributes an introduction, in which we find a free use of the introductions to his edition of the "Iliad" and to his "Homeric Language and Verse." The commentary is by Professor Perrin. The illustrations are good and the type excellent.——Dr. B. W. Wells, to whom we are already under obligations for his good histories of French and German literature, has edited that most popular of all plays, *Der Bibliothekar* ("The Private Secretary"), by Gustav von Moser, in a way which will only add to its popularity. (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.)

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Mr. John Bennett's *Master Skylark* is vastly superior to the average story for young people, both in the charm of its subject and in distinction of style. It relates the adventures of a little lad of Queen Elizabeth's day. He has a marvelous voice, and is kidnapped from his Stratford home by a leader of strolling players, and made to appear as "Master Skylark" on the London stage. He sings before the Queen at the Christmas Revels, and when reward is offered begs only for his home. In the end Shakespeare himself sends the boy to his mother's arms. The little maiden, Cicely, daughter of the abductor, is a second dainty child-creation. In flavor of the age and in delicate romance the story is delightful, and can be read with pleasure by old as well as young. (The Century Company, New York.)——From the same publishers comes *The Last Three Soldiers*, by William H. Shelton, also a good story, though of quite a different kind. It imagines three Union signal corps soldiers left on a mountain-top, and by false signals made to believe that the Confederacy has triumphed. They resolve to remain hidden in the mountains

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rather than surrender, and for years live as hermits, meeting many strange adventures. This story idea is strikingly original, and is cleverly worked out.

The English story-tellers for boys turn out their product with regularity and precision. Robert Leighton, Gordon Stables, and Alfred Church are familiar names, and we doubt not that to the stories by these writers issued this week will duly be added in a short time Mr. Henty's regulation three books. Of the tales at hand Mr. Leighton's *The Golden Galleon* is the least woodeny in style; its narrative is one of sea-fights under Sir Richard Grenville in Queen Elizabeth's day. Dr. Stables, in *The Naval Cadet*, gets his boy hero into abundant scrapes, ashore as well as afloat, and deftly rescues him as often. Mr. Church, in *Lords of the World*, reconstructs Corinth and Carthage in the year 146 B.C., and in story-form relates the causes which in that one year brought doom to both. All three of these books are published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

There is a good deal of simple, harmless fun in *The King of the Park*, by Marshall Saunders. The Park is the Boston Back Bay Fens, the "King" is a deserted cat. A police sergeant, a little French boy who is learning to love America, and minor characters make the story lively, and the wholesome morals and humane lessons are not obtruded. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

Those who know the extraordinary popularity of Mrs. Burnett's stories for children will not be surprised to learn that her publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, have issued these stories in a new and very attractively made edition. The five volumes are printed from new plates, and are furnished with original illustrations. The binding is perhaps a little too ornamental, but it is very attractive. The type is large and clear, as type ought to be which is to pass under the eyes of children; and the illustrations are effective. Little Lord Fauntleroy has always been famous for his good clothes, but there are those who will think that he is much more tastefully dressed in this volume than in real life.

An extremely stupid book, which leaves the reader who has the patience to go through it in doubt as to whether it is intended for children or for students of child study, is *The Professor's Children*, by E. H. Fowler, published by Longmans, Green & Co. (New York). The children are treated entirely from the laboratory standpoint, until they are made conscious that their every act is recorded. The father of these unfortunate small children is a professor. There is one redeeming feature in the book: the illustrations are beautiful—far more interesting and conducive to stimulation of the imagination than the story itself.

A book intended for Sunday-school libraries, entitled *Links of Gold*, has been written by Harriet A. Cheever. (The Pilgrim Press, Boston.) Mrs. Cheever has already found her place as a writer of books for the purpose of developing the moral sense in children; books, it must be said, which sometimes fail to reflect truth because every good act immediately receives its just reward. This volume is written to show what may be called the evolution of righteousness in a girl of strong character who was difficult to manage.

To make the world of toys real to children is to confer upon them a very great benefit. It is to give them life and thought and feeling, to open the door for the play of the imagination, and to teach them how to impart life to the toys which are lavished upon them, which so often mean nothing to them, and are forgotten before they have even lost their freshness. *Adventures in Toyland*, by Edith King Hall, illustrated by Alice B. Woodward (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), tells the story of a little girl who had the good fortune to have an aunt who kept a toy-shop; and this little girl, being very sympathetic, was taken into the confidence of the citizens of Toyland, and heard their stories, and knew that all was not joy there. The little marionette is the heroine of the story. The tin soldiers, the toy rats, the dolls, all play parts in Toy Land. Pride has its fall, and unselfishness its return, and cruelty its punishment. The clown makes his jest, while the keeper of the toy-store and the carpenter add to the pleasure and happiness of Toyland.

A charming contribution to children's literature is *Joan of Arc*, by M. Boutet de Monvel, with reproductions in color of M. Boutet de Monvel's drawings made for Mrs. Catherwood's historical romance of the days of the Maid of Domrémy. The beauty of these illustrations was lost to a degree in their reproduction in black and white, and the Century Company, recognizing the loss, has issued forty-three colored illustrations by M. Boutet de Monvel, the text being written by the artist himself and translated by Mr. A. I.

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du Pont Coleman. It is impossible to convey an adequate impression of the beauty of these plates—many of them filling a full page. The story of the Maid of Orleans's life is told concisely. It is doubtful if a more attractive book will be issued during the coming holiday season for children than this account of Joan of Arc by this talented Frenchman.

The Century Company also issues a delightful book for the very little folk, compiled from "St. Nicholas" by Mary Mapes Dodge, and entitled *A New Baby World*. The best rhymes and jingles, short stories and picture stories, of the magazine have been put between the covers of this book.

MISCELLANEOUS

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston) have published in a handsome quarto a complete account of the history of the *Shaw Monument*—the unveiling of the monument, the address by Major Henry Lee Higginson, the ceremonies at Music Hall, with the various addresses and Professor James's oration, and a frontispiece in photogravure reproducing the monument itself. The volume is a worthy memorial not only of one of the most beautiful pieces of sculpture which has yet been executed in this country, but one of the most noble personalities who has yet appeared in America.

The book called *Magic*, compiled and edited by Mr. Albert A. Hopkins, is the most extensive and scientific book of the kind that has ever come under our notice. It includes not only descriptions of a great variety of tricks of legerdemain, but also elaborate explanations of stage illusions, automata, curious toys, trick-photography, cycloramas, and much else. One of the most interesting chapters is that which describes in detail the stage-working of the opera "Siegfried." The historical side of conjuring receives due attention, and the achievements of Houdin, Heller, Herrmann, and other masters of the art are noted. The illustrations are numerous, and elucidate the text. The five hundred pages of the book make a really extraordinary record of ingenuity and complex mechanism, all designed to supply the love of the marvelous. (Munn & Co., New York.)

Mr. Thomas Alexander Browne, the novelist, better known under his pseudonym "Rolf Boldrewood," is a retired Australian police magistrate, and lives in Melbourne. He is now in his seventy-second year.

Literary Notes

—The manuscripts of Giacomo Leopardi, the poet, are now in the possession of the National Library at Naples. They had come by chance into the hands of two old servant-women, who refused to give them up until the Italian Government intervened.

—The first suggestion of the possibility that the negroes might be armed to fight for the Union was made by the late Edward Lillie Pierce in the "Atlantic" of November, 1861. Mr. Pierce's article was entitled "The Contrabands at Fortress Monroe."

—At the time of his death in 1894 the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton was engaged upon a work, "The Quest of Happiness," but it was supposed that he had not left it in shape for publication. The welcome announcement, however, is now made that it has been made ready and will be published this month.

—A work of deep interest to archæologists and others will be the forthcoming translation of the "Description of Greece" by Pausanias. Mr. J. G. Frazer has undertaken the translation and commentary. The work will be lavishly illustrated with maps, plans, photogravures, and engravings, and will comprise six volumes.

—The name of Dr. Weir Mitchell has become a familiar one to readers of the "Century" by reason of the publication during the past year of "Hugh Wynne" in that magazine. Dr. Mitchell's name will now become even more familiar to those readers by reason of another novel of his, the serial publication of which begins immediately. Its title is "The Adventures of François: Foundling, Adventurer, Juggler, Fencing-master, and Servant during the French Revolution."

—Book-collectors have been keen to possess that rare pamphlet entitled "Sunday under Three Heads," written in 1836 by a struggling and then almost unknown young writer named Charles Dickens. The novelist wrote under the pseudonym of "Timothy Sparks." The work dealt with the Sunday problem in England, particularly in London—a problem much like that which exists in New York and our other cities to-day. Only a dozen copies of the pamphlet are known to exist. The last recorded sale of one of them brought over a hundred dollars.

—Some persons who know both about politics and literature contend that the late Prime Minister of Spain, Señor Cánovas del

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Castillo, will be known in future as a critic and historian rather than as a statesman. In 1868 he published his "Estudios Literarios;" the next year he published his "Historia del Dominio Austriaco en España." In 1883 he wrote a biography of his uncle, Esteban Calderon. The next year he published his "Estudios del Reinado de Felipe IV." Since 1882 Cánovas had been Director of the Spanish Academy of History.

—M. Georges Darien, the author of "Biribi" and "Bas les Cœurs," has received much praise from "Ouida" in a recent "Fortnightly." She declares that his literary talent shows marked originality; indeed, his manner of relation resembles no other. He has nothing of the modern school except its hopelessness; he is strong, intense, virile, rough; he seeks no ornament; he writes as he feels. His father was a Catholic, and his mother a Calvinist. He has known the lowest classes and the hardest ways of life. His books reproduce portions of his own autobiography.

—We learn that "The Story of Jesus Christ: an Interpretation," by Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, is not a life of Christ in the accepted sense of the term. The "Critic" says that Mrs. Ward has not attempted to write a circumstantial, detailed story of his life, but has chosen the distinctive facts, the incidents and events which conspicuously signalized the transcendent purity, elevation, and sympathy of his nature. "It is not controversial; it is not theology; it is not criticism, ancient or modern; nor is it a tract in disguise. The book is notable because it is the first attempt of the kind made by a woman."

—Many readers will be interested to learn that Miss Esther Francesca Alexander, the author of "The Story of Ida," is publishing a new book. Her first work attracted attention mostly through Mr. Ruskin's praise of its charm, and that great critic writes as follows of the new book, which is to be called "Tuscan Songs:" "Miss Alexander represents everything as it would have happened in Tuscany to Tuscan peasants. Knowing the histories and versed in the ways of the people round her for many a year, she chooses for the type of every personage in her imagined picture some one whose circumstances and habitual tone of mind are actually like those related and described in the legend to be illustrated." Miss Alexander has collected hundreds of peasant songs during her long residence in Florence. Most of the songs she has translated, and for some of them she has written out the music to which they were sung.

Books Received

For the week ending September 24

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

Monvel, M. Boutet de. Joan of Arc. $3.
A New Baby World. Compiled from "St. Nicholas" by Mary Mapes Dodge. $1.50.
Shelton, William Henry. The Last Three Soldiers. $1.50.
Bennett, John. Master Skylark. $1.50.
Potter, Henry Codman, D.D. The Scholar and the State, and Other Orations and Addresses. $2.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK

Dante's Divine Comedy. Translated by the Rev. H. F. Cary. Edited by L. Oscar Kuhns. $2.
Coubertin, Baron Pierre de. The Evolution of France under the Third Republic. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. $3.
Mulock, Dinah Maria. John Halifax, Gentleman. $1.50.
Saunders, Marshall. The King of the Park. $1.25.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Perrin, Bernadotte, and Thomas D. Seymour. Eight Books of Homer's Odyssey. For school use.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON

Moser, Gustav von. Der Bibliothekar. Edited by B. W. Wells. 30 cts.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK

The Non-Religion of the Future. Translated from the French of M. Guyau. $3.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

The Monument to Robert Gould Shaw. $1.50.

THE INLAND PUBLISHING CO., TERRE HAUTE

Stephenson, Andrew. Syllabus of Lectures on European History. $1.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Allingham, Francis. Crooked Paths. $1.75.
Fowler, Edith H. The Professor's Children. $1.50.
Baldwin, Charles S. The Expository Paragraph and Sentence. 50 cts.

TOWNSEND MACCOUN, NEW YORK

MacCoun, Townsend. The Holy Land in Geography and in History. 2 Vols. $2.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Fielde, Adèle M. A Political Primer of New York State and City. 75 cts.
Le Conte, Caroline E. The Statue in the Air. 75 cts.
Ratzel, Prof. Friedrich. The History of Mankind. Translated by A. J. Butler. Vol. II. $4.
Lockyer, J. Norman. The Dawn of Astronomy. $3.
Watson, John, LL.D. Christianity and Idealism. $1.75.

M. F. MANSFIELD, NEW YORK

Lang, Andrew, and Others. A Batch of Golfing Papers. 75 cts.

A. C. M'CLURG & CO., CHICAGO

Hutson, Charles W. The Story of Language. $1.50.

MUNN & CO., NEW YORK

Hopkins, Albert A. Magic Stage Illusions and Scientific Diversions. $2.50.

THE PILGRIM PRESS, NEW YORK

Cheever, Harriet A. S. Links of Gold. $1.25.
Newberry, Fannie E. A Son's Victory. $1.50.

PRESTON & ROUNDS CO., PROVIDENCE

Harrison, Joseph Le Roy. With Pipe and Book.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Leighton, Robert. The Golden Galleon. $1.50.
Church, Rev. Alfred J. Lords of the World. $1.50.
Hall, Edith King. Adventures in Toyland. Illustrated by Alice B. Woodward. $2
Stables, Gordon, M.D. The Naval Cadet. $1.25.
Mitchell, Donald G. English Lands, Letters, and Kings: The Later Georges to Victoria. $1.50.
Meredith, George. Selected Poems. $1.75.
Burnett, Mrs. Frances Hodgson. Little Lord Fauntleroy; Giovanni and the Other; Two Little Pilgrims' Progress; Piccino and Other Child Stories; Sara Crewe, Little Saint Elizabeth, and Other Stories. $6 per set. $1.25 each.

F. A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK

Le Queux, William. The Eye of Istar. $1.25.
Boothby, Guy. Sheilah McLeod. 75 cts.
Phillpotts, Eden. Lying Prophets. $1.25.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK

Yechton, Barbara. 'Toinette and Other Stories. 75 cts.
Meade, L. T. A Girl in Ten Thousand. $1.
Dods, Marcus, D.D. How to Become Like Christ, and Other Papers. 50 cts.

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The Religious World

Presidency of the American Board

There is considerable discussion as to the successor of Dr. Storrs as President of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. As the date of the meeting approaches, the two names most prominent seem to be those of Mr. S. B. Capen, of Boston, and Judge Brewer, of Washington, with an apparent preference for the former. Another man is frequently mentioned by those who believe the President should be a true successor to such great leaders as Mark Hopkins and Richard S. Storrs. That man is President William J. Tucker, of Dartmouth College. Of the three men above named Mr. Capen is a business man of Boston, a man of great enthusiasm, lofty character, and unquestioned ability. He may be called the candidate of those who believe in "a business administration." Judge Brewer's election is desired by those who feel that one who is an honor to the Supreme Court of the United States would honor the presidency of our great missionary society. President Tucker, after years of splendid service in the pulpit both East and West, became a Professor in Andover, succeeding the late Professor Austin Phelps, the greatest Professor of Homiletics of his time. Dr. Tucker fully maintained the reputation of the professorship, and actually enlarged it and increased its efficiency. From Andover he went to Dartmouth, where his administration has been one of the most prosperous and successful in the history of the college. We are authorized to say that Dr. George P. Fisher, who has been nominated by the Rev. F. A. Noble, of Chicago, through the columns of the "Congregationalist," for the Presidency of the American Board, would feel himself obliged, for imperative reasons, to decline the office which was tendered him. That is a great pity; for he would make an admirable President of the Board. If any one of the men named in this paragraph should be selected, the friends of missions would have occasion for gratitude.

The Liberal Congress of Religion

The Liberal Congress of Religion was organized in Chicago in May, 1894. Its object is stated as follows:

To unite, in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.

The officers of the league are: President, the Rev. H. W. Thomas, D.D., of Chicago; and General Secretary, the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of the same city. The next meeting of the Congress is to be held in Nashville, from October 19 to 24. Dr. Thomas will deliver the opening sermon. On one day the general subject will be "Religion at Work," and among the speakers will be Dr. Washing Gladden, who will speak on "The Demands of Religion upon the Churches of To-Day," and the Rev. J. H. Crooker, who speaks on "What Can the Churches do Together?" On another day the general subject will be "The Contributions of Science to Religion," and among the speakers will be the Revs. E. P. Powell and S. M. Crothers. Dr. Moxom, of Springfield, will conduct a Bible meeting, and Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago, will speak on "The Bible in the Light of Modern Thought." Perhaps the most striking of all the meetings will be on Friday evening, when there will be a Conference on Comparative Religions, at which Dr. Lewis G. Janes will preside, and the following speakers will take part: Swami Saradananda, Jehanghier D. Cola, and Virchand Ghandi, of Bombay; Emil L. Nabokoff; Dr. Paul Carus, of Chicago; and the Rev. John Faville, of Appleton, Wis. On Sunday there will be a day of preaching Among those who are announced as speakers are Dr. W. S. Crowe, of New York, and the Rev. B. Fay Mills, of Boston.

Professor Denney's Farewell

Our readers will well remember Professor James Denney, who two years ago lectured on theological subjects in Chicago and New York, and who was offered the position of Professor of Systematic Theology in the Chicago Theological Seminary. There was some opposition to his appointment, although

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we are not informed as to whether that was the reason of his declination. Since then he has been elected to the chair of Systematic Theology and Pastoral Training in Glasgow College. His position is one of the most prominent in Scotch Presbyterianism, and he is recognized as one of the strongest of theological thinkers in that land of theology. He has recently closed his pastorate at Broughty Ferry. His farewell sermon was delivered to a crowded congregation. His text was 1 John iv., 16: "And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us." He had been pastor of this congregation for eleven years. In the course of his farewell address he said: "I have tried to bear witness to the love which God hath to us, as they did who were first empowered by the Lord to be interpreters and messengers of that love." In that statement he put his hand upon the characteristic difference between evangelical and merely ethical theology. Evangelical theology insists that there is a real gospel, and exhibits God in the manifestation of his love for the salvation of men. Ethical theology shows a man in his effort to find God. Dr. Denney said again: "I cannot but be sorry for those who have joined the congregation but have not, so to speak, got into its life. They do not know how good it is to be in a place where the love of God has taught men to love one another, and to see each other's good with Jesus Christ." Therein again Dr. Denney touched a profound truth. Many are in the Church, but are not in the life and service of Christ. They do not know the secret power and delight of the Christian life. These two thoughts from a discourse which in itself was full of inspiration we have selected for our readers, not because they are especially original, but because they touch two phases of our common Christianity which need emphasis at the present time. Never did essential evangelical truth need more prominence, and never did those in the Church need to be taught with greater force that only as they enter into the life of Christ and truly follow him can they realize what the Church is for or appreciate the love of God.

A Message from the Rev. W. J. Dawson

The Rev. William J. Dawson, of Highbury Quadrant Church, London, is far more widely known in this country by his writings than by his preaching. On his return from his vacation Mr. Dawson preached a sermon in which we find a striking passage: "The preaching of morality by the most eloquent lips has never had the least effect upon the great masses; but the moment a man goes out into the highways and hedges, and says to sinful men and women, 'God loves you;' the moment he proclaims that God is waiting to do for them what they cannot do for themselves—to miraculously release them from the bonds of their sin; the moment the grace of God is preached and felt and believed, that moment the early miracles of Christianity are repeated." There again Mr. Dawson put into clear relief the essential note in evangelical Christian teaching. This sermon and Professor Denney's both illustrate a remark made a few years ago by the Rev. P. T. Forsyth, of Cambridge: "The one need of the Christian thought of to-day is the bringing back to its old place of the good old word grace."

Dr. Brown's Case

The question at issue between the Rev. Charles O. Brown, D.D., and the Bay Conference of Congregational Churches and Ministers of California is to be submitted for determination to a council composed of eleven churches, five selected by Dr. Brown, five by the Bay Conference, and one by the Rev. I. P. Blanchard and the Rev. Willard Scott, D.D. The question to be submitted is whether the Bay Conference was justified in its action in suspending Dr. Brown. The following is the list of churches invited: Leavitt Street Congregational Church, Pilgrim Congregational Church, Millard Avenue Congational Church, and Lake View Congregational Church, all of Chicago, Ill.; New England Congregational Church of Aurora, Ill.; First Congregational Church of Columbus, O.; Pilgrim Congregational Church of St. Louis, Mo.; First Congregational Church of Minneapolis, Minn.; First Congregational Church of Detroit, Mich.; First Congregational Church of Grand Rapids, Mich., and the Second Congregational Church of Dorchester, Boston, Mass.

Bicentennial of Sleepy Hollow Church

The bicentennial services of the old church in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Tarrytown-on-Hudson, of which an account was given in these columns two months ago, are to begin next Sunday, October 10, with a sermon by the Rev. Dr. John Knox Allen, pastor of the church. At three that afternoon a service is to be held in the old church. There are

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to be four speakers, two of whom were once pastors of the First Reformed Church—the Rev. Dr. John B. Thompson, of Trenton, N. J., and the Rev. Dr. John M. Ferris, of New York; Professor David D. Demarest, of the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, N. J., and the Rev. Dr. Charles W. Fritts, Fishkill, President of the last General Reformed Synod. On Sunday evening, in the church proper, addresses are to be given by the Rev. Arthur F. Mabon, of the Second Reformed Church, Tarrytown, and by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. On Monday afternoon, in the old church, there will be a historical address by the Rev. Dr. David Cole, late of the Reformed Church, Yonkers, and in the evening, in Music Hall, Tarrytown, there will be a public meeting with an address by the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Whittier House

The annual report of the Whittier House in Jersey City shows that in the short space of three years it has come to a prominent place among institutions of the kind. It is located in one of the most neglected regions in the whole metropolitan district—a region of moral and spiritual desolation. It aims especially to reach the thousands of neglected women and factory and shop girls who find not only business but also lodging in Jersey City. It may not be known that thousands of this class who work in New York live in Jersey City. Whittier House is doing an immense work among this class of people. It is, we believe, the only institution of the kind in the State. It provides classes in many departments; a free kindergarten, a newsboys' club, meetings of many kinds for women and girls, a penny bank; it sends hundreds of worthy women to the country for brief holidays; it has led in the organization of societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and to animals; it provides a trained nurse who ministers among the poor; it has a doctor and a dispensary; while its workers are constant in their beautiful ministry among those who are without much that is uplifting in their lives, and without hope either for this life or that to come. During the last year there were ten residents at the House, and thirty or forty who were co-operating in occasional service. This is an unpaid work—indeed, most of the workers pay their own board for the privilege of service among the poor. The officers of the Board of Direction are: President, the Rev. A. H. Bradford, of Montclair; Vice-President, the Rev. W. R. Richards, of Plainfield; Secretary, the Rev. Stanley White, of Orange. The Head Worker is Miss Cornelia F. Bradford. At present there is a call for a few more residents. Any one desiring to become a resident should correspond with Miss Bradford, 174 Grand Street, Jersey City.

Misrepresentations of Settlement Work

That is a gross misrepresentation of many of the social settlements of this country and England which characterizes them as un-Christian or hostile to the churches. The statement, so far as it concerns most of the settlements with which we are familiar, is false. They are not churches, and they aim to work in ways in which churches cannot work so well, but they are as distinctly Christian as any church can be. We mention a few settlements which we know to be not only formally but actually in sympathy with Christian ideals and methods. Andover House in Boston, Chicago Commons in Chicago, and Union Settlement in New York, were all started by theological seminaries. Westminster House in Buffalo and Grace House in New York were started by individual churches. The college settlements for women are nearly if not all managed by those who are working in the name of Christ. Hull House in Chicago, probably the strongest institution of the kind in the country, Miss Adams declares, is in full sympathy with the churches, and in many ways actually co-operates with them. Whittier House in Jersey City has on its Board of Direction seven pastors of evangelical churches. It does not hold distinctly religious services, because it is within a few feet of the Tabernacle Church and near to other churches; but most, if not all, its workers are Christian, and all its aims and methods are inspired by that spirit. The same is true of London, where Mansfield House, Oxford House, Browning Hall, Bermondsey, and others equally prominent, are as pronounced in their Christian faith as the churches themselves. Of course we are aware that a few—very few—institutions of the kind are ostentatiously not religious; but they are not typical, and should not be so regarded. As a whole, the social settlements of the country are doing the work of vital Christianity quite as well as the missions. Their methods are not evangelistic, but social. The missions and the settlements are working in the same field, and both are equally

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worthy of the confidence of Christian people. They are simply two different but complementary departments of the one service of humanity by which the kingdom of God is being advanced among men.

The Value of Missions

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, in the "Cosmopolitan Magazine," has written a dispassionate but strong article in which he commends the work of Christian Missions in India, in a way which ought to attract the attention of many who have been inclined to question their value. Mr. Hawthorne writes as a newspaper man. His aim is to give simply what he saw during his travels. His observations confirm those of most if not all other travelers who have examined the subject with care. Voices of criticism come from those who make hurried visits, and who do not try to come into close contact with the missionaries and their work. Mr. Hawthorne deals with the charge that the missionaries live extravagantly. He describes a typical family as sitting down to a Spartan meal. He says: "The husband worked with all his might from dawn to dark, and after dark in his study, helping distress, averting evil, cheering sorrow, enlightening ignorance, and praying with heart and soul to the God and Christ who was more real to him than any earthly thing." He continues: "His lovely, artless, human, holy wife, with faith like a little child's, yet wise and steadfast in all that touched her work, labored as untiringly and as selflessly as her husband." He then goes on to describe the service of missionaries in saving from starvation numbers who were facing famine. He saw a hundred or more children who would have been in hopeless degradation except for what the missionaries were doing, and adds: "These children would have died of the famine had not the mission found and saved them." Here is one striking passage: "But one must live with the missionaries of India in order to understand what they are doing and how they do it. From first to last during my sojourn in India I saw many native Christians. Those that I saw are a remarkable and impressive body of men and women. I was always saying to myself, These are like the people of the Bible." He describes the way the missionaries live, and some of the ways in which they do their work, and the social as well as the individual transformations which they accomplish. The testimony is of value because of the source from which it comes, and the unique opportunities of observation which Mr. Hawthorne possessed. Our own observation confirms his statements. A more unselfish, consecrated, and, we may add, able and cultured company of men and women is seldom found than most of the missionaries in many lands. Travelers ought at least to give them the benefit of a careful study of their work before presuming to pass judgment upon them.

The "Advance"

Our contemporary, the "Advance," of Chicago, in its issue of September 16 celebrated its thirtieth anniversary. Its articles on "Chicago from a Thirty Years' Standpoint" and "Thirty Years Ago," as well as the editorial entitled "The Development of Newspaper Character," are all of great interest. Thirty years ago Chicago had a population of only 238,000; now it has 1,650,000. Forty years ago it had no Congregational church; now it has more Congregational churches and ministers than any other city in the Union. During the thirty years it has grown from a comparatively unimportant city to be the second in the Union, the center of 50,000 miles of railway. Thirty years ago the University, the institutes, the libraries, which are now the glory of the city, were unknown; now they make it one of the chief educational centers of the country. Development along ecclesiastical and educational lines has been quite as rapid as along industrial and commercial. The "Advance" has played a large part in this movement. Its first editor was the Rev. W. W. Patton, D.D., a wise and able man, hospitable to all truth, and intensely interested in his work. Among those who have had a part with him in the development of the paper are many whose names are well known to our readers, the most prominent, perhaps, being Drs. Simeon Gilbert and F. A. Noble. The present editor-in-chief is the Rev. A. R. Thain, D.D., and under his management the paper is as strong and vigorous as it has been at any time for years. Its position is stated by the editor in these words: "It will press forward toward the highest mark in religious journalism. Its theology is the truth as it is in Jesus; and while claiming the right to examine all human theories and speculations put forth in the name of advanced thought on every subject, it will do so in the spirit of that Scripture rule, both conservative and radical, 'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.'"

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Correspondence

Good English Once More

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I was glad to read "E. M. N.'s" letter in a recent Outlook. The more the subject of correct speech among the children is discussed, the better will it be for us all. My article in The Outlook of August 14 was very fragmentary and imperfect, and was designed more as suggestion than a full discussion of the subject. I had to hold myself in check lest the article be made too long. For this reason I could not go into the question of slang, nor, indeed, enter into a detailed mention of prevailing errors of speech. Yet "E. M. N." seems inclined to criticise me for not mentioning cockney slang. In what he says of this he does not at all prove that there are not "perversions of the Queen's English in the various counties of England." There are perversions out of London as well as in the city, and "E. M. N." knows it well. But he practically asserts that if I had mentioned cockney slang I should have been nearer the truth! "E. M. N.," in his reference to my article, says: "Thus I come to the two assertions made by Mr. West, anent which I humbly desire to protest." One of the assertions was that in regard to the dialects in the various counties of England; and the other was my assertion that the word "ain't" came to us directly from the mother country and is still in use there. "E. M. N." asks, "Where is it in use, outside the most illiterate circles or in the servants' hall?" Now, it will be remembered that I did not say *what* class of people still use the word in England. I simply said it is in use there. And it is. And if we take novelists and playwrights as guides, why do they frequently put the word into the mouths of characters who are not illiterate or do not belong to the serving class? I will freely say that my intercourse with cultivated English people has been extensive, and as a rule they speak beautiful and correct English—though, indeed, a master of style famous on both continents for that mastery leaves off his "g's," and there are many instances of slipshod speech even among graduates of Oxford whom I have met. There are other words used by English novelists, or put by English novelists into the mouths of their characters, for the use of which Americans are censured. I cannot go into detail. But, for example, take the word "ma'am." Canadians say Americans use the word wrongly. It should be used only by servants to their masters. I have myself a prejudice against that word, and do not like to hear children use it when addressing their mothers. But its use is by no means confined to this country. Did any of you notice that in Hall Caine's recent book the word is put into the mouth of Glory?

Thus it is. We all have weak places in our armor. It is best not to criticise our neighbors, but look well to our own faults. But I shall indeed be glad if my fragmentary, imperfectly written article will provoke discussion and be fruitful of good results. And I thank "E. M. N." for his kind and courteous words. KENYON WEST.

The Theology of Our Hymns

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The article in your issue of September 18 entitled "The Theology of Our Hymns" brings to my mind the first verse of a very popular hymn which always impressed me very unpleasantly by what seems to me its carnal symbolism, entirely at variance with the ideas developed in all the succeeding verses.

The verse to which I refer reads as follows:

> The Son of God goes forth to war,
> A kingly crown to gain;
> His blood-red banner streams afar:
> Who follows in his train?

The next verse begins:

> Who best can drink his cup of woe,
> Triumphant over pain,

and so on, referring to martyrs and confessors.

The picture presented by this first verse is obviously that of an ambitious monarch, founding or conquering a kingdom by ruthless and bloody conquest, utterly out of keeping with the pictures of self-sacrifice which pervade all the following verses.

I can best and most briefly present my meaning by the following substitute for the first verse, which I prepared, for domestic use, some years since:

> Our Prince to sin-subduing strife
> Goes forth, and, to attain
> The victory, freely gives his life.
> Who follows in his train?

The imperfect rhyme between "war" and

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"afar" in the original hymn is, of course, a minor defect, of small account.

HENRY MORTON.

Stevens Institute of Technology.

"De Massa ob de Sheepfol'"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The author of the poem "De Massa ob de Sheepfol'," quoted in your issue of September 25, is Sally McLean Greene, author of "Cape Cod Folks."

This is the first time in my life I have offered information of this sort. But Mrs. Greene is a Simsbury (Conn.) woman; moreover, her poem goes to the heart—where all good poems ought to go. Poems aimed at the head had better (not *would* better) save their powder.

RICHARD BURTON.

Hartford, Conn.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

1. I presume there is no one who takes the Book of Revelation in a literary sense. Of what religious value is the book, and how does it add to the strength of the Bible? 2. Do you believe the parable of the "loaves and the fishes"? Also that Lazarus was brought back to life after he was dead? If not, how do you explain them? 3. Does not the parable of the "wheat and the chaff" suggest eternal punishment? Do you believe in eternal punishment? If not, how do you explain this parable? 4. I have lately heard from one of the Unitarians that a plausible explanation of the Saviour's birth, as given in the two Gospels, is that Matthew and Luke took this idea from the Old Testament. How does this view appeal to you? 5. Is there any religious sect that you know of that believes that Christ and God lived in the beginning as two distinct Persons, and that Christ came to the world afterwards that "the world through him might be saved"? E. H. C.

1. It is impossible to enter into an interpretation of the Book of Revelation in a paragraph. There are two radically different views; one which regards it as wholly prophetic, the other as largely historical. 2. By the parable of the loaves and fishes we presume you mean the miracle of the loaves and fishes, though, like other miracles, it is in one sense a parable, in that it contains a suggestion or disclosure of spiritual truth. We do believe both in that miracle and in the resurrection of Lazarus. 3. The parable of the wheat and chaff does not suggest eternal punishment. The chaff was destroyed, not tortured, by fire. It suggests annihilation. 4. We do not know how the story of the miraculous birth can have been taken from the Old Testament. It is, of course, conceivable that, in this as in any other case, prophecy suggested the history, rather than that the history was a fulfillment of the prophecy. The latter will appear the more reasonable view to those who believe, as we do, in the reality of prophecy. 5. No; not if by persons you mean two distinct personalities. The word "person" as used in the Trinitarian formulary has a distinct theological meaning, and is for that reason infelicitous. Trinitarianism is not tritheism. All evangelicals believe that the world is saved through Christ.

I have just read with much interest your review of Mr. Merriam's "The Chief End of Man," September 4, and am prompted to ask: 1. What book treating on the same topics would be found more satisfactory or satisfying to one whose early faith has been weakened by modern thought? 2. What books or works of recent years may be called epoch-making? Mr. John Fiske mentions Darwin's and Herbert Spencer's. Miss Frances Power Cobbe found Theodore Parker's for herself, and no doubt others have found different books or treatises for themselves. Yet no doubt there are some such that would be for all of us worth the reading in this busy age when one can read only a few of all the works that are published.

T. A. A.

1. The less satisfactory part of Mr. Merriam's work is in his conclusions from the New Testament writings. A little book by C. A. Row, "Evidences of Christianity," and Dr. Gordon's "The Christ of To-Day," seem to be of the kind you desire. 2. Many books prove to be epoch-making in the thought and life of individuals. We have known a reviewer to call a book "epoch-making" of which the sales did not amount to fifteen hundred copies. Darwin's "Origin of Species" and "Descent of Man" have been the only really epoch-making books for general thought in our time. Read Maurice's "Theological Essays" and Hutton's "Essays on Some of the Modern Guides to Religious Thought in Matters of Faith."

How do you interpret Matt. v., 39, and Luke vi., 29—"If smitten on the right cheek, turn the other also"? How do you discriminate between self-defense and retaliation? We read with interest in The Outlook how a good mother treated a bullying boy who persistently maltreated her son, giving him his own method until he changed into a good boy and friend. In those of older growth how shall a bully be treated? It sometimes seems that Christ's doctrine of non-resistance, if used on a bully, only seems to stimulate

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him. "The turning to him of the other also" may suggest to him another attack, instead of the desired suggestion that no defense whatever will be made. We refer to one of the class calling himself gentleman, but who ignores Christian rules. *

Self-defense is always distinguishable from retaliation by the spirit which prompts to action, often by the difference between enough and too much. The waiver of personal rights recommended by Jesus has been the uniform rule of a missionary or persecuted church, and by adhering to it his sheep ultimately overcome the wolves. But those who might be ready to waive their own rights must not waive the rights of others dependent on them. A bully, like any other person, ought to be treated in the way that will conduce to his highest good, as soon as we can be sure what that treatment is. Perhaps a tongue-lashing will do, perhaps it must be a drubbing. In any case, however, the element of personal vindictiveness must not enter into it, which always vitiates the work of justice.

A young man who teaches a class in Sunday-school asked me if I thought it wrong for him to drink. He said to me that he drank before he took his class and was never intoxicated, and was positive that if he began again he would also be able to keep sober. The reason why he wanted to start again was that it hurt him in his business, and had the tendency to make him very unpopular; and he knew it would hinder him very much in getting along and making himself useful. He also argued that if he gave up his position the person who would succeed him would think nothing of drinking, and that he believed that he might be able to do some good by setting an example of moderate drinking. In conclusion he said that he would sooner give up his position than his class. R.

The question whether one shall drink wine, ale, or beer must be determined by bringing to bear upon it the law, Whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, we should do all to the glory of God. If a man thinks that a moderate use of alcohol will better fit him for doing God's work in the world, he is to use it. If he thinks that it will interfere with his doing of God's work in the world, he is to abstain from it. In determining this question a tendency to make him unpopular is of no weight whatsoever; if, however, he is doubtful whether he would better drink in moderation or not, he would better give the negative side of the question the benefit of the doubt, and abstain.

The three editorials on "Ministerial Problems" in recent numbers of The Outlook have been exceedingly helpful to me. May I ask a question? What method for preserving notes on study and reading, clippings from periodicals, references to books, and so forth, do you advise? If any one follows the plan of devoting the major part of his study-time to growth rather than to sermons, it seems to me he must have some thorough plan for making notes, that he may be able to prepare a good sermon or address in a short time. The envelope systems which are so widely advertised seem inadequate. J. F. W.

A woman student known to us has an excellent plan—viz., "make your own cyclopædia." Begin with twenty-six blank-books, one for each letter; write or paste therein what you wish to preserve, and enter the subjects in a table of contents. With or without this method, the fly-leaves of books worth reading are convenient for memoranda of passages to recur to. Passages that suggest sermon topics or illustrations should be entered in special note-books. But one who counts on preparing from his private "cyclopædia" "a good sermon or address in a short time" needs caution lest the best part of it be its quotations. The more patchwork the less merit. The sermon must be the product of one's own mental digestion.

1. The "Choir Invisible," by James Lane Allen—what is the significance of the title? 2. How does the evangelical wing of the Unitarian Church differ from the liberal wing of the Congregational Church? 3. How do you account for the fact that Matthew and John, who were of the "twelve," do not mention the ascension of Christ? 4. What book, popularly written, best explains the views of those who do not accept the traditional belief in regard to Biblical inspiration? L. V.

1. The title is suggested by George Eliot's lines:

> O may I join the choir invisible
> Of those immortal dead who live again
> In minds made better by their presence.

Its appropriateness must be discovered in the characters of the story. 2. Partly in the inferior estimate they put upon creeds, partly in the opinion that the miraculous events related in the Bible are either legendary or non-miraculous. 3. Probably because they deemed their special purpose in writing, whatever that was, accomplished without mention of that event. 4. Supposing that you have in mind a Christian, not an anti-Christian, book, such a one is Dr. R. F. Horton's "Inspiration and the Bible" (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.25).

Is there any sect or church that has no other condition of fellowship than *faith in the Lord Jesus Christ?* There are two churches in my village. The Cumberland Presbyterian Church refuses me because I do not believe in eternal

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punishment; the Christian Church refuses me because I do not believe in John's baptism.

D.

There is no denomination of Christians, except the Unitarian, that affirms that there is no formal creed or doctrinal tenet or tenets, to which its members are expected to adhere, in addition to the Scriptural requisite of faith in Christ. Yet even in those denominations which have the most elaborate doctrinal standards there are many individual churches which are wont to receive members on the simple basis of faith in Christ, provided they have no pronounced or active dissent from certain doctrines regarded as important, although they doubt or even disbelieve them.

"F. M." asked this question September 11: "Was Paul one of the most learned men of his time?" A friend sends a supplementary reference to the "Andover Review" for January, 1892, where "Paul's Rabbinic Education" is discussed with learning and originality.

If the gentleman who sent a letter from 245 Cedar Street, New Bedford, Mass., and an unaddressed envelope for reply, but forgot to send his name, will send his name to the senior editor of The Outlook, he will receive a personal response to the letter.

The lines,

"The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea.
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me,"

form the closing stanza of a poem by John Burroughs. The first stanza is this:

"Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea.
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For what is mine shall come to me."

L. F. C.

Can any one tell the author of the hymn beginning:

"He leads us on; by paths we do not know,
Upward He leads us; tho' our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet, when the clouds are gone,
We know He leads us on."

H. T. C.

I desire to find the origin, definition, and pronunciation of the word "Tuxedo." In the tailoring business the name is applied to a special make of coat. We can only find it designated as "Tuxedo Park," a place of four hundred non-resident members, in Orange County, thirty-five miles out of New York. This, of course, does not give us either origin, definition, or correct original pronunciation. A. E. R.

"R. A. G." wishes to know where, in New York City, he can obtain instruction in burning designs on wood. Mr. I. William Fosdick, Sherwood Studios, 58 West Fifty-seventh Street, is the most distinguished artist in that branch of decoration, and can doubtless give the information needed.

E. G. M.

The poem inquired for by "H.,"

"Death comes down with," etc.,

is by the late Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe, and is found in "No. 2 Bliss and Sankey's Gospel Hymns." S. J. U.

The quotation beginning, "Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again," for which "Reader" asks in The Outlook, may be found in "Hyperion," by H. W. Longfellow.

September Necrology

September 1.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Nelson Somerville Rulison. Born 1842. Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Central Pennsylvania. See pages 140 and 194.

September 2.—Tommaso Vallauri. Born 1803. The Nestor of Latinists. See page 337.

September 2.—Colonel George Bliss. Born 1830. A well-known lawyer and politician of New York City.

September 7.—Edward Lillie Pierce. Born 1829. An eminent Boston lawyer, and the biographer of Charles Sumner. See page 385.

September 9.—Franz Aurelius Pulszky. Born 1814. The Hungarian archæologist and publicist. See page 243.

September 10.—Richard Holt Hutton. Born 1826. Editor of the London "Spectator," and one of the most eminent of English essayists. See pages 160 and 163.

September 11.—The Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens. Born 1815. A distinguished Methodist clergyman. See page 247.

September 14.—The Rev. Dr. William A. Niles. Born 1823. For thirty-five years one of the leading Presbyterian divines of western New York.

September 16.—Dr. Edward A. Sheldon. Born 1823. A prominent educationist of New York State.

September 18.—Henry Williams Sage. Born 1814. President of the Board of Trustees of Cornell University and one of the University's chief benefactors. See page 344.

September 21.—Professor Wilhelm Watten-

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bach. Born 1819. A noted German historian and paleographer.

September 22.—Cardinal Giuseppe Guarino. Born 1827. Archbishop of Messina, Sicily.

September 22.—Charles Denis Sauter Bourbaki. Born 1816. Commanded the Imperial Guard during the Franco-Prussian war.

September 27.—George Maxwell Robeson. Born 1829. Secretary of the Navy during both of the Grant administrations.

About People

—Mr. Lewis F. Reid, a Yale man of the class of 1875, has been appointed Assistant Professor of English Literature at Trinity College. Mr. Reid was formerly Principal of the Collins Street Classical School at Hartford.

—The other day, when the King of Siam, accompanied by the Crown Prince of Denmark, visited the grave of Hamlet, the former stood a moment in reverence and silence, then turned to the Crown Prince and said, sympathetically: "A relative of your Royal Highness, I presume. Has he been long dead?"

—Sir Evelyn Wood, the new Adjutant-General of the British Army, has been Quartermaster-General since 1893. His military career began in the Crimean War. He served in the Indian campaign of 1858, and in the Ashanti, Kaffir, Zulu, and Transvaal wars. In 1882 he commanded a brigade in the Egyptian expedition, and also served in the Nile expedition a few years ago.

—The "Youth's Companion" recalls a characteristic anecdote of the Rev. Lorenzo Dow, the itinerant Methodist preacher. When he was a widower he said to the congregation one day, at the close of his sermon: "I am a candidate for matrimony, and if there is any woman in this audience who is willing to marry me, I would thank her to rise." A woman rose very near the pulpit, and another in a distant part of the house. Mr. Dow paused a moment, then said: "There are two; I think this one near me rose first; at any rate, I will have her for my wife." The woman was in good standing and possessed of considerable property. Very soon after this eccentric wooing she became Mrs. Dow.

—It is said that the Negus of Abyssinia is running Kaiser Wilhelm close in the variety of his accomplishments. Menelek recently showed to M. Lagarde, the French envoy, plans which had been drawn up for the new royal palace at Addis Ababa, the architect being a no less person than the Negus himself. When the first sewing-machine he had seen arrived in Abyssinia out of order, Menelek looked it over, found out what the matter was, and repaired the machine himself.

—Speaking of Mr. William Ogilvie, the Canadian Surveyor of the Northwest Territory, the New York "Sun" said some time since that he is the only man on the Upper Yukon who is seasoned against the gold fever. "Commanding only the small income of a surveyor, he has not washed out a pan of dirt, nor staked out a claim, except when surveying claims for others." For years his labors have been of great value to the miners, among whom he is about the only man who has little prospect of acquiring wealth. For a large part of the time since 1887 Mr. Ogilvie has lived on the dreary Yukon wastes, sighting his theodolite, while others were picking up nuggets. He has his country's interests much at heart. Late last autumn, when the Ottawa authorities sent him permission to go home, he answered that the price of dogs was too high to justify him in putting the Government to the expense of a team with which he might sledge out of the country.

—The opening of the new Jefferson Theater in Portland, Maine, the other evening, had, appropriately enough, as its principal participant Mr. Joseph Jefferson. In his address the veteran actor spoke of the theater which his father built in 1840 in Springfield, Ill., and told how the prohibitory license exacted made it impossible to open the theater, and how one Abraham Lincoln, then a young lawyer, came to Mr. Jefferson's rescue and prevailed on the city fathers to remove the license. Mr. Jefferson, however, had other reminiscences nearer home. He said:

> You will be surprised, I think, when I tell you that I acted here forty years ago. It is quite likely that I have played before not only the fathers and mothers, but the grandfathers and grandmothers, of many who are assembled here

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to-night. And I might further say that it is not the first time you have honored me, for the first honor I ever received at public entertainment was in this city. A dinner was given to me here, and the chairman at that dinner was no less a person than one whom you all hold in most affectionate remembrance, the Hon. James G. Blaine.

—"Stephen Mallory White is a Senator from California, and Stephen Russell Mallory is a Senator from Florida," says the Washington "Post." "There is more than a mere coincidence in the similarity of names. The men are cousins. Senator Mallory's father and Senator White's mother were brother and sister. It is a little curious that the two Senators should represent States as far apart as it is possible for them to be—one on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific coast. The grandfather of the two Senators was one of the earliest settlers of Florida, while their grandmother was a Spanish woman of fine stock, considerable beauty, and remarkable constitution, retaining until her old age all her faculties. Much of Senator White's sturdiness comes from his grandmother. He was not born in Florida, for his father and mother crossed the plains in 1850, attracted to California by the reports of newly discovered gold. The Senator was born in San Francisco in 1853. The Mallorys, on the other hand, remained in Florida, and now the whirligig of time and the strange happenings of politics unite the families in the Senate."

—"The educational world owes a passing tribute to the memory of Dr. Edward A. Sheldon, whose death at Oswego," says the Buffalo "Express," "in his seventy-fourth year, occurred on Thursday. His name is worthy to rank with Pestalozzi and Horace Mann. For nearly thirty years he has been the Principal of the State Normal School at Oswego, the teacher and inspirer of hundreds of graduates, who have carried his ideas and methods all over the world. He might truly enough be styled the Nestor of teachers—of teachers of teachers—in New York State. Nearly fifty years ago (in 1848) he began his teaching career in a 'ragged school' at Oswego. For two or three years he was Superintendent of Public Schools in Syracuse, but since 1853 has resided and taught in Oswego. He introduced the system of object-training, and won a reputation for the Oswego Training-School, and later for the city schools, of which he was Superintendent until the training-school became the State Normal and Training School, which, since 1869, has been the principal field of his labors. For many years he had to combat savage criticism and ridicule in his efforts to carry out Pestalozzian principles, but he lived to see those principles received as of undisputed value. In later years he was foremost in adding kindergarten work to the Normal School departments; in perfecting the system whereby kindergartens may be harmoniously incorporated in primary-school work; in unifying the school systems of this State, and in bringing industrial training into its true educational relation with other instruction."

Bits of Fun

A man in South Africa left his property to be equally divided between two sons. Not being able to agree, they decided to let President Kruger arbitrate. He said to the eldest, "You are the eldest, are you not?" "Yes," was the answer. "So you shall divide the property." This pleased the elder immensely. "You are the younger," [illegible] the other "so you shall [illegible] fire-bell to a burning. [illegible] it with a critical air, and to have remarked, "Tes a proper fire, sure 'nuff; I must go home and put on my uniform!"

A Glasgow paper has a story about the Salvation Army. A commercial traveler, well known throughout the west of Scotland, strolled into an Army meeting in an Ayrshire town. He was noticed by the captain, who put the usual question, "Are you saved?" The commercial gave the answer which nine people out of ten would probably offer—"Oh, I'm all right." To which the captain retorted—"Hallelujah! A commercial traveler saved! He can save to the uttermost!"—*Exchange.*

A Yorkshire Socialist, explaining to a friend the principles of Socialism, remarked that all possessions should be shared equally. "If you had two horses," said the friend, "would you give me one?" "Of course," replied the Socialist. "And if you had two cows, would you do the same?" "Of course I should." "Well, supposing now," said the friend, slowly, "you had two pigs, would you give me one of them?" "Eh! tha's gettin' ower near home," said the other, slyly; "tha knaws I've got two pigs."—*Answers.*

An English rector preached a severe sermon on the eternal fate of the wicked, and afterward sought to "improve" the lesson by personal admonition. Meeting one day an old woman who was noted for her gossiping disposition, he said to her: "I hope my sermon has borne fruit in your mind. You heard what I said about that place where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth?" "Well, as to that," answered the dame, "if I 'as anythink to say, it be this—let them gnash their teeth as 'as 'em—I ain't!"—*Youth's Companion.*

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For the Little People

Saturdayland

By Mary Chase Thurlow

Oh, a wonderful place
  Is the Saturdayland,
As you'll think, I am sure,
  When you hear how it's planned;
For its King is the Boy,
  And he orders arrest
Of the book or the task,
  The example or test,
That is roaming at large
  In his land's fair domain.
(They will run a great risk
  If they dare to remain.)
In a notice that's placed
  On the trees far and near,
There are printed these words,
  Though the spelling is queer:
"Be it nown by these sines
  That the skulemaster here
On the perril of life
  Is forbid to appere!
(That's unles he can proove,
  Tho he's grone large and tall,
That his hart is still yung,
  He's a boy after all.)"
Oh, a prosperous realm
  Is this Saturdayland!
For its subjects are free,
  And well-armored they stand,
With a bat and a ball,
  With a racket and kite,
With a fishing-rod, too,
  Or a sword new and bright—
For brave soldiers are there;
  How they fight for a goal!
And their wealth! Oh, they're rich,
  Millionaires, on my soul!
For they've leagues of blue sky,
  And great fields of fresh air,
And just acres of fun—
  Why, enough and to spare!
And, to tell you the truth,
  If real wealth you demand,
You'll find none like that
  Of the Saturdayland.
Here's a fact that is strange:
  There is many a man,
With his houses and cash,
  And his carriage and span,
Who would give all his gold,
  And his house big and grand,
Just to visit once more
  That dear Saturdayland.

Our Money Device

If you will look closely at a silver dollar coined since 1865, you will find the words "In God we trust" a little above the eagle's beak. In 1861 Secretary Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, received a letter from a gentleman in Pennsylvania who called attention to the fact that if this Nation should suddenly pass out of existence and only its coins remain, there would be nothing to indicate that it had been a Christian nation. Mr. Chase was deeply impressed, and wrote to the director of the mint at Philadelphia, where the coinage of the United States is made, saying: "No nation can be strong except in the strength of God, or except in his defense. The trust of our people in God should be declared on our National coins." He gave the director of the mint instructions to have a device prepared at once, with a motto that would express in the fewest words the Nation's recognition of God. It was then discovered that this could not be done without the consent of Congress, for a law had been passed in 1837 which decided what devices could be placed upon the coins of the United States. The director of the mint, having discovered this, submitted the designs to the Secretary of the Treasury, and through him to Congress. None submitted wholly pleased the Secretary, and he changed one, "God our trust," to "In God we trust."

In 1864, in deciding the device of the two-cent piece, Congress passed an act in which this motto, "In God we trust," was accepted as one of the devices to be used in the coinage of United States money. In 1864, by another act, Congress decided that this device should appear on the gold and silver coins of the United States. It was placed on the twenty, ten, and five dollar gold pieces, and in the latter part of 1865 on the fifty and twenty-five-cent pieces. In 1873 Congress provided that this device should appear on all

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coins the size of which would permit of it. That law still exists.

The Seed-Babies' Blanket

By Mary Loomis Gaylord

"Dear me!" said Mother Nature as she tucked the last of her seed-babies in bed, and spread over them a blanket of leaves, "King Winter will soon be here, and I fear this covering is not enough to keep my babies from his icy grasp. I must get them another blanket. What shall it be? Let me see. It should be something soft and light. And for babies, of course, it must be white."

So she went to Mr. North Wind and said, 'Oh, Mr. North Wind, please bring to me

A blanket pure and white,
Soft as down, and sparkling bright,
To cover my little seed-babies."

But Mr. North Wind said, "I cannot, unless Jack Frost will give me some of his silvery powder."

So Mother Nature called to Jack Frost, "Oh, Jack Frost, please give Mr. North Wind some of your silvery powder, that he may make for me

A blanket pure and white,
Soft as down, and sparkling bright,
To cover my little seed-babies."

But Jack Frost said, "You must ask the clouds to give me some vapor, then."

So Mother Nature called to the clouds and said, "Oh, kind Clouds, please give Jack Frost some of your vapor, that he may change it into silvery powder, and give it to Mr. North Wind, that he may make for me

A blanket pure and white,
Soft as down, and sparkling bright,
To cover my little seed-babies."

But the Clouds said, "We must wait till Old Ocean sends us more vapor." So Mother Nature said to the Ocean, "Please, Old Ocean, send more vapor to the little clouds, that they may give some to Jack Frost, that he may change it into silvery powder and give it to Mr. North Wind, that he may make for me

A blanket pure and white,
Soft as down, and sparkling bright,
To cover my little seed-babies."

But the Ocean said, "The Sun must send us some heat fairies first." So Mother Nature called to the Sun, "Dear old Father Sun, please send some of your heat fairies to Old Ocean, that he may send vapor to the Clouds, that they may give some to Jack Frost, that he may change it into silvery powder and give it to Mr. North Wind, that he may make for me

A blanket pure and white,
Soft as down, and sparkling bright,
To cover my little seed-babies."

And the Sun said, "Gladly!" and sent forth a host of little heat fairies that called the vapor from the Ocean to the little Clouds, and the Clouds gave some to Jack Frost, and Jack Frost changed it into silvery powder and gave it to Mr. North Wind, and Mr. North Wind made for Mother Nature

A blanket pure and white,
Soft as down, and sparkling bright,
And covered her little seed-babies.

Two Ways of Getting Up

By Priscilla Leonard

When we tumble out of the right side of bed,
How bright the sun shines overhead!
How good our breakfast tastes—and, oh!
How happily to school we go!
And o'er the day what peace is shed,—
When we tumble out of the right side of bed!

When we tumble out of the wrong side of bed,
How dark the sky frowns overhead!
How dull our lessons, how cross our mothers,
How perfectly horrid our sisters and brothers!
(And they all say, too, it's our fault instead!)—
When we tumble out of the wrong side of bed!

Doll-Makers

How many little girls, when they hold their dollies in their arms, ever think of the many people it takes, and the time and material it takes, to make one doll? There is a town in France where all the men and women, and very many of the children, earn their living by making dolls. The bisque of which the heads are made is a species of clay composed of lime and earth. This is beaten and trampled and mixed and then steeped for several days. After that it is washed and strained again and again until it is as white as snow. It is now half liquid. The next process is to pour this into molds; and if you have ever broken the head of a doll and taken the face in your hands entire, you will hold what the doll-makers know as a mold, in shape though not in material. These molds are of seventeen sizes. When the clay or bisque is dried in the mold, it is next delivered to women, who insert eyes and put on ears; and after

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